EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

PRE-CONVENTION PRESIDENTIAL POLL: See Back Cover

THE Nation

JUNE 16, 1956
20c

CULT OF IKE

A Threat To The Presidency

by George Dangerfield

Waiting for the Slump

by Douglas F. Dowd

In This Issue:

EDITORIALS

501 • The Shape of Things

503 • Federal Responsibility in Education
by HORACE M. KALLEN

ARTICLES

504 • Cult of Ike
by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

506 • Waiting for the Slump
by DOUGLAS F. DOWD

509 • Outpost on the Negev
by DAN WAKEFIELD

511 • Starving the Pure-Food Act
by WALTER GOODMAN

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

513 • A Balance of Fears
by GORDON HARRISON

514 • How to Get away With It
by KINGSLEY AMIS

515 • Painting and Shelter in the Far East
by S. LANE FAISON, JR.

516 • Technique Above Comment
by JOHN R. WILLINGHAM

517 • Eve Beyond Eden (a poem)
by ELLEN DE YOUNG KAY

518 • **LETTER FROM PARIS**
by GERALD SYKES

519 • **RECORDS**
by B. H. HAGGIN

520 • **CROSSWORD PUZZLE**
by FRANK W. LEWIS

opposite
501 • **LETTERS**

The Charles C. [illegible]
EAST [illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

Where Lies the Power?

Dear Sirs: I've read Professor Lynd's perceptive and provocative review of C. Wright Mills's The Power Elite in your May 12 issue. The importance of Mills's thesis is in no whit lessened by the valid strictures in the review. In recent years, and especially during the Eisenhower Administration, our leading industrialists and bankers have arrogated to themselves a frightening dominance of political power. Again and again heads of gigantic corporations, and even of lesser magnitude, have behaved as if the interests of the nation were ancillary to the advancement of their own particular interests and not the reverse. What seemed an awkward and presumably unfortunate slip of the tongue when Secretary Wilson referred to the mutuality of benefits between General Motors and the United States has in three short years become an accepted truism.

CHARLES A. MADISON

New York City

Dear Sirs: There are scholars who take broad exceptions to describing power relations in the nation through the use of elite-circle analysis. Some prefer to divert attention from the elite. Others prefer to speak of the elite but obscure the relationship they may find by lumping the elite into a philosophical hodge-podge of class and institutional analyses. I prefer Mills's clarity. Lynd, apparently, wants more philosophy. . . .

I am firmly convinced that the elite groups in the country can be used as a measuring rod of power action. From my own field research I can underscore much of what Mills has said or vividly implied. Top leaders, policy-makers, know each other, recruit one another and exclude from their amoeboid circle those who "do not fit." They know general patterns of policy development and they know specifically how to go about getting what is individually good for them and their various enterprises. Their names appear repeatedly in the national press. They know and are known by elected and appointed officials of the larger associations and government—officials from whom they hold themselves somewhat aloof and superior. They represent a cross section of national civic life and act like members of the central executive board in relation to it. They belong to clubs and associations in common membership across the nation. And they include the top-ranking politicians, men of wealth and the military elite of whom Mills speaks. One can, and many do, measure their own power potential by whether or not he is, or they are, included in the circle which, by and large, are in on the larger decisions. It is evidently very painful to many to find that they are not. . . .

Mills has my utmost respect for his scholarly integrity and for his forthrightness as a writer.

FLOYD HUNTER

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Dear Sirs: Professor Robert Lynd is surely right in his conclusion that we "need to return to a more full-bodied approach to the problem of organized power in society than elite theory provides." The difficulty is to discover how. Bertrand Russell unduly narrowed the approach when he argued that "the fundamental concept in social science is Power, in the same sense in which Energy is the fundamental concept in physics." This led him to consider only "the laws of social dynamics." But just as the trend of modern physics has been to examine the inter-relation of energy with matter, so the inter-relation of power with order in the social sciences seems the most hopeful path to "a more full-bodied approach." . . .

A more detailed examination of how the militarist and industrial elite of Imperial Germany perpetuated their power into the new political structure of Weimar Germany, and how their power was affected by the eruption of the new revolutionary elite of Nazism, might throw great illumination on these problems. So, too, the growing concept of the scientists and technologists as a new elite in modern society, whether capitalist or Communist, would expose some of the more mysterious operations of power in this atomic age. But neither exploration would be conclusive unless it included some study of the constant provision of more elaborate organization and social stability by the labors of modern bureaucracy, serving the daily needs of the masses in our urban, industrial life; or of business management down to quite low levels, which in the "public corporations" of present-day Britain and France merges so closely into the machinery of the state. Perhaps the chief fault of most analyses of elites is that they stick to the glittering top layers, and worry about the spectacular changes to exclusion of the less perceptible daily routines.

DAVID THOMSON

Cambridge, England

Dear Sirs: I feel quite in the debt of Mr. Mills for his deft manipulation of the corporate, military and political strands in the skein of power. Mr. Lynd would like a clearer picture of the dominance of corporate business power in this trinity. I can well understand the difficulties in Mr. Mills's path in satisfying his critic. We are given some insight into the inner workings of the political world from time to time, even when dependent on the self-interested pleading of the statesman involved; somewhat less insight into how the military functions. But what do we really know of the inside world of the corporations? The magnates of Standard of New Jersey, General Motors, U. S. Steel carry out their tasks behind inscrutable curtains. Their decisions affect the lives of all of us, and reach out around the globe, but who has any information on how, when or why these decisions are reached? So it is difficult for Mr. Mills to document too stark an account of the dominance of the corporate powers over the political and military. It is one of the misfortunes of scholarship in this era that the main center of power is so completely shielded from inspection. Another is the temper of these cold-war times which restrains an analyst from too bold a dissection of the body of power. A certain fuzziness may be desirable for those readers among the intellectual elite whose delicacy of thought might be outraged by the sight of raw flesh.

HARVEY O'CONNOR

Winnetka, Illinois

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Freda Kirchwey, Editorial Contributor
J. A. del Vayo, European Correspondent

Harold Clurman, Theatre
B. H. Haggin, Music
Anne W. Langman, Television
Alfred Maund, Copy and Makeup
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Martin Solow, Assistant to the Publisher

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Keith Hutchison, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson, M. L. Rosenthal (Poetry Editor).

The Nation, June 16, 1956, Volume 182, No. 24

The Nation, published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright 1956, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter December 13, 1879 at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Reentered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Montgomery, Alabama. Printing Office: 1603 Reuben Street.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $7, Two years $12, Three years $17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1956
VOLUME 182, NUMBER 24

THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

The Pause That Refreshes

Along with everyone else, we were intensely relieved to learn that the President's condition has been pronounced "most satisfactory" and that he will soon be able to leave the hospital. With the rest of the world, we join in wishing him an early and complete recovery.

All the same, the general reaction to the news of his most recent illness provides another striking evidence of the potency of "the cult of Ike" (see page 504) and of the ruthlessness of those who foster the cult the better to exploit it. In remarkable contrast to the way in which the press handled the news of his heart attack last September, this latest blow to his health was almost instantly transformed into an assurance of good fortune and long life. Almost before the public knew that the President had undergone surgery, unofficial White House spokesmen were feeding the press "private but firm" assurances that he would run again. And the sponges had hardly been removed before his medical advisors were telling us that he could stand for reelection and that his life expectancy had actually been enhanced: (1) because the operation corrected a condition that might have endangered his health; and (2) because it "proved that his heart is healed and strong."

This remarkable transformation of the "bad news" of the operation into the "good news" that all the President needed to be as fit as a fiddle was to spend two hours on the operating table was made possible by the ardent cooperation of press, radio and television. With each illness of the President, Mr. Hagerty becomes more skilled in the art of reassuring the public. True, the press did quote Dr. Burrill Crohn to the effect that the disease of ileitis recurs in about 30 to 35 per cent of the cases, but this statement somehow got lost in the jolly news that the market had rallied. The resourceful Mr. Hagerty ("competent and clear") with an assist from Major General Leonard Heaton ("cool and clear") managed to get the working press so absorbed in the details of the operation—always a fascinating subject—that the larger issue of the President's fitness was forgotten. Like the good Dr. White of Boston, Major General Heaton is a clever man at a press conference; he even managed to sound less professional in his comments than the reporters did with their questions. The press seemed more interested in ten inches of the President's intestine than in the future of the Presidency.

The events of the last weekend should stimulate interest in *The Nation's* pre-convention Presidential preference ballot printed on the back cover of this issue. As indicated, ballots must be mailed before July 3 to be counted. If the ballot is somewhat long, it is nevertheless easy to mark and the results should now be of special interest.

The Awful Truth

The trouble with President Eisenhower's statement—at the National Citizens for Eisenhower rally in Washington—that American prestige since the last world war "has never been as high as it is this day," is not that it is false but that, unfortunately, it is probably true. What a commentary this is on American leadership in view of the low esteem in which we are currently regarded nearly everywhere in the world. If American prestige is higher today than at any time since 1945, it is only because we have, to a degree, ceased rattling bombs and, half-heartedly, started to wave the olive branch. If this is the explanation, it should be relatively easy for us to rise from even our present exalted position were we to launch a dramatic peace offensive.

The Renunciation of Infallibility

The reaction of the American press to Khrushchev's speech has been uniformly banal and unimaginative. The points most frequently made are these: (1) Khrushchev and his colleagues are using Stalin's ghost as a scapegoat for their own crimes and misdemeanors; (2) The speech, a typical piece of Soviet trickery designed to throw us off-guard, is not to be taken seriously; (3) All patriotic American organizations should continue to blackball the bounder Khrushchev who has not come clean and told us why he failed to assassinate Stalin or, if he did, why he waited so long; (4) The speech "proves" that the Soviet regime is a brutal dictatorship (surprise!) and that police torture will often produce false confessions (surprise!); (5) In any case, Khrushchev's indictment of Stalin should not give rise to even an inference that the Soviet regime has changed or that anything worth noting has happened there.

The Soviet leaders may be blackguards and rascals, but they are not fools. They know that there is a logic in words. They know, too, that the indictment cannot be rescinded any more than those who read it can be told to forget it. The sweep and vigor of the attack can hardly fail to shake the convictions of "hard core" or orthodox Communists the world over. Therefore it must have been intended as a piece of major ideological

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surgery; nothing less would justify the risks involved.

What the Soviets have renounced is the principle of Soviet infallibility in Soviet-satellite relationships and in the relationships between the Soviet bloc and Socialist states. The renunciation was necessary not merely to pave the way for better, stronger, more durable relations with the satellite and Socialist nations but to rationalize a policy of coexistence. It is a dangerous policy from the Soviet leaders' point of view, because it implies some relaxation of domestic controls. The ultimate heresy that the leaders of any orthodoxy can commit is to renounce, even in a limited fashion and for a special purpose, the principle of infallibility. But in this case the gamble is worthwhile, and the consequences, in the long run, could prove to be revolutionary. By acting as though the only meaning of Khrushchev's speech was that the State Department had finally managed to score a propaganda coup on the Soviets by releasing it, we are in danger once again of being left alone at the station as Lenin's locomotive of history goes racing toward the future.

On Shaking Hands

Now that the grotesquely over-billed Florida and California primaries are at an end, the year's one pre-convention political debate may be assessed. The only issue on which the debaters did not see eye to eye was civil rights and on this issue their differences were more a matter of rhetoric and emphasis than of principle. A real clash on civil rights between rival candidates for the Democratic nomination might, this year, have carried at least an echo of a great historic debate. But Kefauver-Stevenson, 1956, will hardly rank in the history texts with Lincoln-Douglas, 1858. The only way to have debated the civil-rights issue would have been for one of the debaters to take the position that the Dixiecrats should be ousted from the Democratic Party. But since neither was prepared to take this position, the debates failed to conceal the rivals' basic agreement on even the one issue that mattered. The debate thus became a personality contest or, more accurately, a grim contest to see which candidate could shake the most hands.

End of a Dream

When Formosa and the United States wrecked an eighteen-nation U. N. package-membership deal last December, providing the USSR with an opportunity to stage a spectacular "rescue operation" that brought sixteen new nations into the organization, *The Nation* (December 24, 1955) warned that the Chinese Nationalists had endangered their own membership. The inflexibility displayed by Taipei and Washington on every question related to China and Formosa is now beginning to bear bitter fruit. Egypt has recognized Peking, and a Cairo paper reports that the Afro-Asian bloc plans to take up the matter of China's U. N. representation promptly after the General Assembly meets in November.

Twenty-six states have now recognized Peking, and Egypt's action seems to foreshadow recognition by other members of the Arab bloc. The world is becoming increasingly disaffected with the U.S.-Formosa policy of unqualified hostility toward China. Other than Washington, only South Korea continues to pander to Chiang Kai-shek's fading dream of empire. India and Canada have criticized American siege tactics against China (a siege which in addition to being wrong in principle, is proving ineffective in practice). London has informed Washington that it was proceeding on its own responsibility to make exceptions to the existing restrictions on shipment of strategic goods to China.

Now Australian Prime Minister Menzies announces that China and Formosa will be a major topic at the Commonwealth prime ministers' conference in London next month. In the background is the fact that the Afro-Asian nations that met at Bandung in April, 1955 —with India and Ceylon of the Commonwealth playing important roles—unanimously pronounced themselves in favor of *universal* U. N. membership.

The indications are that the sands are running out for the Nationalists in the U. N.—and for this country's Formosa policy.

Herman Wouk Under Glass

A hearty welcome to Herman Wouk, a distinguished recruit to the dwindling ranks of non-conformists. In presenting his original manuscripts, including *The Caine Mutiny* and *Marjorie Morningstar* to the Columbia University Libraries, Mr. Wouk observed that the intellectual in the United States has always been the kind of person who goes about "challenging, arguing, asking questions, breaking familiar molds," as in the case of Henry David Thoreau who "went to live in the woods for thirty cents a day, sustaining his life with his two bare hands, to make a protest against the complacency he saw." As with Thoreau, so with Wouk. For as he sees it, Mr. Wouk has been "questioning the unspoken complacencies" by exhibiting a serious concern with "familiar religious concepts." It is a bit odd to think of the upholders of religious values and institutions as non-conformists in the Thoreau tradition but the suggestion, perhaps, falls under the heading of what Mr. Wouk has elsewhere referred to as "the twist" on the stereotype. Although it is "still not quite intellectually respectable even to consider a religious position," Mr. Wouk finds that he could "in honesty make this report" to the late Irwin Edman, who taught him philosophy at Columbia, were he alive today: "I have tried to remain unblinded, Irwin, by the fashionable formulas of the clever ones. I have tried to see life as candidly as I could. I have not conformed so far as I know in my writing, in my thinking, or in my living, to the patterns of the hour."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Babies and International Relations

The mass of small new facts published every day tends to bury the few great, key facts on which events really wheel. One such, which France successfully forgot for twenty years, was the exhaustion of the *Grande Armée's* reserves in 1917 and the fact that no matter who was to win the first World War, France had lost it. It finally lost it officially in 1940. A similar fact about Russia has now come half-way to the surface: the price for Stalin's management in 1939-45 is given in the coming classes of sixteen-year-old Russian boys. They will shortly drop from three and a half million a year to under a million in 1960—an item which may go a long way towards explaining Russia's reduction of military personnel.

In this situation, Russia must look for near and effective friends, not easily found overnight. Russia has to remember that a strong China, for example, could become very bad news indeed. What Moscow wants in the Western Pacific is a strong navy, not a strong land force; the United States wants just the opposite, and has got it—thanks to Rhee and Chiang. Considering the neat complementary situation, it is perhaps a good time to reflect that history has produced greater ironies than a Russia suing for the friendship of the United States.

Federal Responsibility In Education

By Horace M. Kallen

THE FREE, tax-supported system of public education, reaching from kindergarten to university and beyond, is today as absolute a part of the American way of life as our system of government and our elections. No true and sincere believer in American democracy now doubts that its growth and improvement depend on the continuous education of the American people. The education of the adult is of even greater importance than the education of youth. In the new atomic age which we have entered, adequate education is the first and last insurance of our continuing to live and to grow as a free society. More than ever before in history, knowledge is power while the greatest danger to the peace and freedom of the world is the monopoly of this power by a privileged few.

This is why there has been, over the years, a steady if little noticed increase of federal cooperation with the states in meeting their educational responsibilities. This began with the land-grant colleges. In 1890 it was extended by separate grants-in-aid for the improvement of teacher-training. In 1914 training in agriculture and home economics were added. In 1917 Congress made vocational education a federal concern and, of course, various departments of the government and the Office of Education regularly provided information and other services. When the great depression came, federal agencies, PWA, WPA, NYA, saved educational establishments in various states from complete collapse by building and repairing schools, employing teachers, making possible the part-time employment of nearly 500,000 students of all ranks and conditions and educating nearly 2,000,000 more American youth through the Civilian Conservation Corps.

The coming of World War II further extended and diversified the federal share in education. Selective service found that 1,000,000 of our youth had never been to school and millions more had never finished elementary school. The armed forces found functional illiteracy and physical defects that no young Americans should have suffered from, given proper aid by their local communities or states.

WHY DID these communities fail their youth? They were communities with the largest families and the smallest incomes, located in the agricultural Southeast, which still by comparison has little industry and few cities. But the wealth of the nation concentrates in its cities, and the population goes with the wealth. Our manufacturing Northeast holds twenty-one times the wealth of the Southeast but rears only two times the children; and is rearing proportionately fewer children each year. Our Northeast spends three or four times as much per child for schools and teachers as our South, yet proportionately the South has spent a higher share of its income and gets far less for its money. It handicaps itself, of course, by its un-American racialism, which gives so much thought and energy to keeping the Negro down that little is left for lifting anybody up. In fact, the whites cannot anywhere grow in wealth and freedom unless the Negroes do.

Other parts of the country also suffer in health and education because of the centralizing trend of the national economy. This trend is a condition of our prosperity, but has dangerous consequences for democracy. It creates differences in educational opportunity which penalize health and education in areas where children are most numerous. As the record in the South establishes, it thereby turns free public education into a force that supports scarcity, caste and privilege.

In order to safeguard democratic ideals and to keep the democratic process secure, the federal government must willy-nilly either cooperate more and more with states and localities in providing equal educational opportunities on equal terms for all the children of all the people, or else must replace them. Just as the nation purportedly undertakes to treat all our youth equally in preparing them for war, so it must in fact treat all youth equally in preparing them for peace. Only the federal government is in a position to establish this equality where it does not obtain.

HORACE M. KALLEN, noted educator, is author of The Education of Free Men *and other books on our schools.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CULT OF IKE

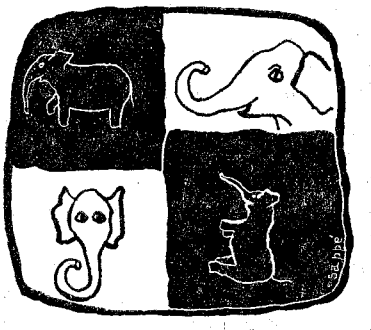
Threat to the Presidency . . *by George Dangerfield*

THE PRESIDENTIAL race for 1956 already threatens to develop into a nightmare, with the President going through the motions of running and his opponent going through the motions of pursuit, but with nobody, including the voter, really moving at all.

Long before they staged that damaging and unedifying spectacle in Florida, Mr. Stevenson and Senator Kefauver had been uttering some very hollow sounds. They had a good strong case against President Eisenhower, but a steadily diminishing conviction that anybody cared to hear about it. You cannot expect resonance from a candidate who feels that he is talking to a void and not to an audience. Things may change after the Democratic convention; but at present we are confronted with the truly dismal prospect that, of the twenty-odd millions of voters who will dutifully and certainly vote *against* Eisenhower, the majority won't be too disappointed if he wins.

We appear to be afflicted with a cult of Eisenhower. It is neither a corybantic nor a fanatical cult. It seems, rather, to be a mild, affectionate, contagious sickness which deprives the voter of the normal faculty of identifying the President with what, in his dual role of chief executive and party chieftain, he actually stands for in the political world. The identification has to be made, none the less, unless we are content to reverse the long march of American history. Apparently we are content; at any rate, the reversal seems to be under way—quite gently, not with any irreversible momentum, but nevertheless under way.

Eisenhower's genial spreading shadow stifles unpleasant thoughts—as, to take a recent example, the clear bipartisan thought that Nixon was too dubious a personage to be entrusted with the Vice-Presidency—and nurtures only gentle ones. But gentleness, hitherto, has not been an ingredient in Presidential campaigns; nor, for that matter, a conspicuous element in the people's attitude towards the Presidency. The President is a legitimate, indeed an essential, target for attack and debate. You might say that it was his duty to make enemies, since it is his duty to excite thinking on all great public issues, including the permanent public issue of the President himself. The cult of Eisenhower, because it dulls thinking on this and all related subjects, tends to weaken and threatens to abolish the direct



and vital connection between the President and the people.

Even if he were not a man of good repute and agreeable personality, Eisenhower would be difficult to dislodge. The unique and necessary armory of powers and attributes which he has inherited from, and in a great measure because of, his Democratic predecessors, gives him merely as incumbent a great advantage. The cult of Ike, however, is obviously not due to the fact that he may be hard to dislodge—a great many cultists, after all, are going to vote to dislodge him. It seems to have a far deeper and more unreachable origin—the fact that Eisenhower is both a beneficiary and a projection of the benign side of the Roosevelt myth.

As a benevolent internationalist, especially, Eisenhower is incalculably indebted to Franklin Roosevelt. It would be difficult to overestimate the grandeur of Roosevelt's feat when he turned the American President into a natural, predestined leader of the Free World. Wilson had tried it for the whole world, bond or free, and Wilson's tragedy served to harden the old idea that European diplomats were too slippery and devious for a good American; as, at Versailles, they were.

Western Europe did not need the United States in 1919 as desperately as Western Europe, and eventually the Soviet Union, needed the United States in 1939 and afterwards. I do not mean to decry Franklin Roosevelt, far from it, when I submit that he was less a skilful diplomat than he was a vivid personification of a huge change in world relations—that is to say, of the internationalization of the United States. (The personification is all the more vivid when we remember that the Roosevelt of Lend-Lease, the Atlantic Pact, Teheran and Yalta was the Roosevelt who had once scuttled the London monetary conference and had been so blandly indifferent to the fate of Republican Spain.) Moreover, in spite of the colossal war-time powers which he wielded with such reassuring zest, his role was always a benign one. He was then, and he is now, the hero who saved, not the hero who destroyed.

TRUMAN carried the international role of the American President even further; but Truman's personality and limitations were such that he could not fill the benign side of the Roosevelt myth. He came to embody, with equal vigor but less authority, its progressive, controversial, fighting side, the side which inevitably provoked all sorts of hatreds against the New Deal and all sorts of slanders against Pearl Harbor and Yalta. He was the legatee of a Roosevelt who was violently loved and viciously abused; in the shivery paradoxical dawn of the Atomic Age, so

GEORGE DANGERFIELD, 1953 Pulitzer Prize winner in history, is the author of The Era of Good Feelings, The Strange Death of Liberal England *and other books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

full of wealth and panic, the legacy became a liability and this side of the Roosevelt myth, alas, almost an anomaly.

There is little doubt that Eisenhower drew heavily on the benign side of the Roosevelt myth when he promised that he would "go to Korea" if the people made him President-elect. To Harry Truman who, when the election was over, offered Eisenhower the Presidential plane "if you still wish to go to Korea," and to many others this seemed like a pretty raw piece of electioneering. Eisenhower himself, no close analyst of political advice, may not have thought so: he may well have persuaded himself that something somehow could be done if he made that very long trip and that very brief and inconclusive inspection. The electorate certainly didn't think so. Eisenhower carried with him to Korea not only a military reputation, but also a sizeable blessing from the benign side of the Roosevelt myth . . . the memory of a Roosevelt who used to appear suddenly in remote places and put everything right.

BUT BEFORE all this took place, when General Eisenhower was just beginning to emerge as a "natural" candidate for whom both parties were angling, his emergence was due, I believe, to the fact that both parties were ready enough to exploit the benign hero in the Roosevelt myth, and both were anxious to suppress the controversial hero. They were both looking for a tranquil influence. Business and industry, needless to say, never had any objection to tranquil Presidents.

This was to rob the Roosevelt myth of its real and great *dynamis,* its call to progressive action: and when a myth is robbed of its *dynamis,* it turns into a cult. The reputation and character of Eisenhower fitted beautifully into the new cultist picture. If we look back at his career, beginning perhaps with Operation Torch, we can see that he was always a modest soldier, and that he began very swiftly to present himself as a highly tranquilizing one—an American who could almost magically soothe the prickly susceptibilities of the British and the French. He was not a desk soldier—he directed great armies to an immense and bloody victory—but he was not, somehow, connected in one's mind

President Eisenhower

with bloodshed. He seemed to combine in his one person two hitherto mutually exclusive characters—a great general and a likeable general.

And then, when the war was over, he revealed what is still his most positive asset. His simple and sensible speeches showed that he was a genuinely peace-loving man. In 1948, he gratified all rational people by turning his thumb down on sabre-rattling generals: it is still down on them. It may well be that he was the most likely man to take immediate advantage of the shift in feeling which took place after Stalin's death —an event, incidentally, which showed that Eisenhower also possessed the political virtue of good luck. His appearance at Geneva—in spite of the presence of Mr. Dulles, one of the strangest albatrosses ever to hang around a peace-loving President's neck—was all that could be expected of an American Chief of State in his benevolent internationalist role.

And yet there was something, somewhere, missing. Was it because he was so uncontroversial a figure at home that he seemed at Geneva to be less a Great Democratic Father, dispensing love and doctrinal thunderbolts, which Roosevelt had often suggested and Wilson had striven to suggest, than a kind of Universal Uncle? And the trouble with the cult of Ike is that it tends to stress the positive sides of this avuncular personality and to forget that there are also some extremely negative ones. There is something in Eisenhower's public character which seems, not merely averse to controversy, but uniquely able to deflect it. It is scarcely a secret that his leadership in domestic policies has been backwards. Yet the blame for what is being done against farming, or public power, or the public domain, or housing, or equitable taxation, lights on the President's advisors, never on the President. Even his famous silences—his silence on the issue of McCarthyism, his even more dispiriting silence on the issue of desegregation—are not held against him.

The cult of Eisenhower is, in fact, a relaxing cult. Even before his illness necessarily made him careful, the President took what happened to be a very easy-going attitude towards the duties of his office. There were times when he had obviously not done even the simplest homework—such as reading the headlines in the newspapers. But although this was pointed out pretty often—and the President himself, in his press conferences, often made it quite painfully apparent—nobody seemed to care. Even when he said that he might well have to delegate in the future rather more of his powers than seemed compatible with a vigorous exercise of the Presidential initiative—and without the constant and vigorous exercise of his initiative the whole federal structure is placed in danger—there was no loud objection. The public was so relaxed that it refrained from exercising its rights of rigorous examination which makes the Presidency, with all its fabulous powers, a uniquely democratic institution.

We may have to pay a grievous price for all this. Four more years of Eisenhower as a person—a palpably decent, friendly and charming human being—is not the danger. The danger is that the cult of Eisenhower will, during those four years, become engrafted onto the Presidency itself. The manipulators of mass opinion won't stop with what they have done, or think that they have done, with Eisenhower. They may, with their mysterious but inexhaustible power for proliferating silliness, slip over the idea that a President should always be some good, noncontroversial figure, high above politics, and no longer directly responsible to the people from whom he derives his powers. It is not Eisenhower, it is the inferior copies of Eisenhower whom we have literally to dread. The time to begin dreading them is now.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAITING FOR THE SLUMP

Economics of Complacency .. *by Douglas Dowd*

THE ECONOMIC air this year is filled with cross-currents: serious unemployment in Detroit and environs, but national employment higher than ever; anti-inflationary moves by the Federal Reserve Board of Governors, but widespread expectations of a business downturn in the next few months; signs of "excess capacity" in a string of consumer and capital-goods industries, but the highest planned expansion of productive capacity ever; and so on. What to make of it? If we were to set up three major possibilities on business prospects and poll the American people —business men, the general citizenry, economists, public officials, even the currently unemployed—the results would probably come out something like the following: (1) a significant but small percentage believing that there will be no downturn at all for the *indefinite* future; (2) almost everyone else believing that there will be a mild downturn this summer, with a revival late in 1956 or early 1957, and a steady expansion thenceforth; (3) almost nobody believing that within the next six months a sharp, deep downturn, entailing upwards of 10 per cent unemployed, will ensue.

Nearly everyone, in other words, would subscribe to the following assertion, made by a leading Chicago banker:

> There are grounds for the belief that there has been a change for the better in certain aspects of the business cycle as it may be expected to operate in the future in the United States. Cycles have been described as consisting of prosperity, crisis, depression and revival. Conditions have come into being which tend to soften the second or critical stage so that in the description of future cycles, we might substitute the word "recession" for "crisis." Furthermore, we may hope that the two phases "recession" and "depression" may be rendered less disastrous in the future than they have been at many times in the past.

See, what did I tell you? One third cash and the rest over two years.

Certainly. But that statement was made in October, 1927, a period enough like the present to give one pause, at least. There are now many reasons for believing that the third possibility has the highest probability, and that the next twelve months will begin to show the first two as terribly mistaken. If this estimate is correct, it is because of the uncritically held assumptions underlying much of current economic behavior, the consequent nature of that behavior and the implications of both for the near future.

ONE OF the two major assumptions of the day has to do with what *Fortune* calls "the new economy," which in turn is related to and ultimately dependent upon a second and more strategic assumption. This refers to the present and expected future role of the federal government as cold warrior and as economic stabilizer and protector. Behavior based on these assumptions tends, for the short run, to maintain an environment which justifies the faith. But since the truth contained in the notions of the "new economy" and the omniscient-omnipotent government is either misleading or partial, the results of behavior based on these notions may well be disastrous.

The "new economy" is principally the result of a combination of the institutional reforms of the New Deal and of the vast and sustained increase in purchasing power since 1941 due to enormous public expenditures. One of its major characteristics is a vastly enlarged ring of consumers—consumers of goods which only ten years ago would have been considered out-of-reach luxuries, even in America. Their ability to purchase more is the result of their ability to get and keep productive jobs, which in turn is made possible in large part by their willingness to purchase more. The genie who facilitated this bootstrap operation, of course, was mortgage and consumer credit. One of the major defects of the new economy is thus the other side of the coin of this characteristic, for the credit genie ultimately begins to make impossible demands and to invoke harsh penalties for refusal to comply.

THE *key* assumption underlying present attitudes and economic behavior refers to government as spender and as intervener in the economy. Take away expectations concerning the government, and much of present economic behavior remains baffling. As spender, the government has been most important, and is expected to continue to be most important, in its national-defense expenditures. Between 1947 and 1950, yearly expenditures for this purpose varied between eleven-

DOUGLAS F. DOWD is assistant professor of economics at Cornell University.

See back cover of this issue for your Presidential Preference ballot. BE SURE TO VOTE--TODAY!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and-a-half and fourteen-and-a-half billion dollars. Since 1950, the fluctuation has been between thirty-four and forty-nine billions yearly, and the general expectation is that thirty-five billions will constitute a floor for the foreseeable future.

Apart from its role in stabilizing farm income, in social security, and the like, the major role of the government as *intervener* lies in the presumably coordinated areas of monetary and fiscal policy. It is generally assumed that government will follow a set of monetary policies which will assure that interest rates, the supply of credit and prices will neither overly stimulate nor overly retard some desired rate of expansion. In recent years, indeed, the powers attributed to monetary policies are reminiscent of similar attitudes before the depression of the thirties. Fiscal policy—i. e., the federal government's taxing and spending activities—is expected to stabilize the economy by moving against the tide, stimulating in actual or threatened times of contraction and acting conversely when booms threaten to get out of hand. The severity of the last great depression was such, it is generally believed, that the government will not *allow* another significant depression to develop. The increase of knowledge on these matters is believed to be sufficient to provide the government with the necessary tools. And possession of tools is thought to mean proper use of those tools.

THIS IS a hopeful picture and it has led to hopeful behavior. With the fear of depressions gone, consumers can indebt themselves up to the hairline, never fearing a lean year; business men can make expenditures for plant expansion even in the face of softening markets; lenders can relax their fears of default. The economy, in a word, can feel free to go on a drunken spree, as it did in 1955. And the one way to avoid a hangover, at least for a while, is to stay drunk. But a closer look at the present situation does not encourage optimism.

First let's look at the consumer. The spectacular expansion of consumer and housing expenditures in 1955 was financed largely by equally spectacular increases in mortgage debt and consumer credit, accompanied by a game of musical chairs with houses. Disposable income (i.e., personal income after personal taxes) rose by 10.2 billions in 1955. Consumer debt rose by 17.9 billions. Total consumer debt (mortgage and consumer credit) in 1955 stood at 46.8 per cent of disposable income, a rise of 5 per cent over 1954. The figure in 1929, a wild year by older standards, was only 31.4 per cent. One of the more interesting aspects of the 1955 credit spree, as reported in *Fortune,* is that $5.5 billions of new mortgages were incurred by individuals who borrowed that amount on their homes in order to buy autos, appliances, stocks, trips to Europe and the like.

This growing indebtedness of consumers means, of course, that a growing amount of "disposable" income is pledged to the banks and finance companies every month, and that new purchases—income and employment-creating purchases—are consequently restricted. This restriction will be offset when and if one or more of the following occurs: prices fall, taxes are reduced, incomes rise, or terms of indebtedness are relaxed (i.e., lower down payments and longer terms of payment). The last, taken by itself, is clearly self-defeating. As for price reductions, given the present structure of industry, its costs and business men's notions of what constitutes "normal profit," a sufficiently stimulating general price fall could take place only *after* a serious depression was well under way. If reduced taxes were accompanied by falling public expenditures, the impact would still be contractionary. The alternative is to increase the *government* debt. Although there is no reason to oppose a rising public debt incurred for sensible purposes, there is much reason to believe that Congress would not approve a rise of the necessary amount at the necessary time—particularly for "sensible purposes."

IF THE probability is that consumer and housing expenditures will slow down, what then are the probabilities that other categories of expenditures will rise sufficiently as an offset? To answer that, we must look at the producing and investing side of the economy, and once again at government. Gross national production is rising in 1956, at last notice, but at something like half the rate of increase in 1955. The major areas of stimulation are to be found in business expenditures for plant and equipment, now unprecedentedly high, and in outlays for residential and non-residential construction (including roads). Business expenditures for expansion are based ultimately on the expectation of growing markets and sustained profits. Those markets are business purchases for expansion or inventories, overseas markets, consumer markets and government purchases.

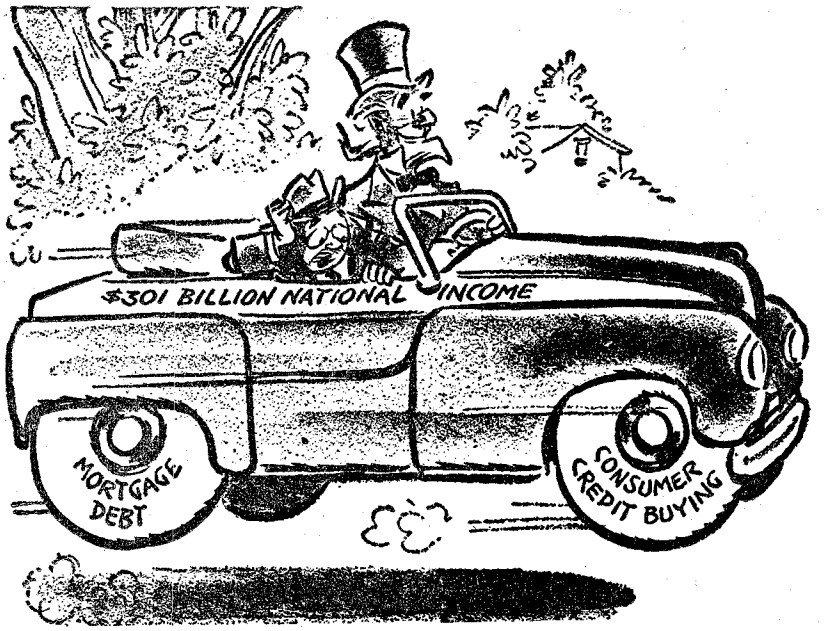
Herblock in Washington Post

Oh, cut it out!

Although our sales abroad are currently very high, the prospects for the near and distant future are not bright. Competition is developing rapidly in all overseas markets for manufactured goods, as Western European, Russian and Japanese supplies grow. As for agricultural markets abroad, the less said the better. The startling news was recently announced that American cotton exports may probably be expected to dwindle virtually to zero within the next three years (except to the degree that we play the dumping game). The same trend, though with less severity, may be found in grains.

Domestically, the situation is at least superficially puzzling. In the face of sagging consumer markets in autos and appliances and even softer farm-equipment markets, in the face of developing recessions in the nonferrous metals industries, with credit and capital costs rising, with increased difficulty in selling goods of all varieties, increasing business failtures (Dun and Bradstreet reports a 13 per cent increase in May this year over last year) and upward wage pressures—why, despite all this,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Herblock in Washington Post

"Are you sure we don't have too much air in the tires?"

would business continue to expand its capacity to produce? Is it because business men in general have discarded the notion of a downturn? On the contrary, business men in particular expect a downturn this summer. But the even more general business expectation is that the downturn will be mild and brief and that expansion will pick up once more by the end of the year.

But given any sort of downturn, the accumulated level of consumer debt promises to make that downturn sharp and deep, with consumers curtailing purchases of new goods and losing possession of installment goods and even houses. But this in turn means an intensification of existing mushiness in the new-goods markets. Residential construction would be sharply hit and business expenditures for expansion—heavily credit-financed themselves—would be cut back wherever feasible.

But what about the government, which is expected to save our little Nell from all this? The Administration and the Congress of today are as much creatures of the optimism of our time as their counterparts were in the twenties. The sustained high levels of income and employment of the last fifteen years have done much, too much, to obliterate the scars of the thirties and to reimplant the belief that in America, after all, the problem of depressions is past and done with. Another depression of the *length* of the last one *is* probably out of the question, but we may still have a severe depression of one or two years because of overoptimism. Government today differs from government in the twenties in the sense that it is prepared to take an active role in countering business fluctuations; it is not at all clear that it is prepared to take a *sufficiently* active role until after we've had one more comeuppance—one in which most of us, and perhaps most of the world, could be badly hurt.

The major relevant areas of governmental policy are monetary policy, the reduction of taxes, and expenditures for national defense, domestic improvements and overseas economic aid. Let's look at the probabilities. Monetary policy works effectively, if at all, to slow down an expansion; it can do little but put a slight brake on a contraction, once begun. As for fiscal policy, the Administration plans or hopes to balance the budget this year and in the forthcoming fiscal year—or even to run a surplus—for the first time in its stay in office. There seem to be no reasons to expect a tax cut from this Congress, and no reason to expect any increase, let alone a substantial one, in government expenditures—whether for defense or peaceful purposes. A recession which is expected to be mild and brief is one which an election-year Congress is not apt to take seriously, except on the platforms in Detroit and other "labor surplus" areas.

Suppose, however, that this is incorrect, and that Congress *were* to take the downturn seriously when it develops? We then have to ask what any increase in expenditures would be for, and whether the problem of timing could be successfully managed. Keep in mind the strategic significance of the mountain of consumer debt and, this year, the unusually high percentage of credit-financed capital expansion—the meaning of both of which is that any downturn is likely to be precipitous. That is, *any* steps by the government must not only be significant, but swift, to be effective.

Let us look first at expenditures for "national defense." Whatever may be said for them in the past, the rapidly changing international situation is clearly making it increasingly difficult to justify expanding such expenditures now and for the future; on the contrary, the pressures—for which, praise the Lord—are in the opposite direction, even from such staunch cold warriors as Admiral Radford. With the Soviet Union moving swiftly into peaceful competition and cutting its armed forces, as the *New Statesman and Nation* has recently put it, "what Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev are asking us, however politely, is whether we will take the risk of making peace with them." With the need for European nations to manage problems of domestic inflation and overseas competition, and with similar developments all mounting toward the same end, the "floor" of thirty-five billions yearly on armaments may soon be reached and become an elevator floor, going down. For us to do otherwise in the face of current trends would require and stimulate a foreign policy which would either be absurd, even by present standards, or one clearly bent on war.

WHAT, then, of expenditures for peaceful purposes, at home and abroad? Present attitudes and past performances are discouraging. A highway program will be approved by this Congress which will probably entail expenditures of from one to three billions annually over the next thirteen years. Apart from this—which will not involve any increase in government spending—what is there? Even the Administration's push for an under-sized

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overseas aid program is running into trouble. In no other case is any significant attempt being made by Washington to expand the use of public funds at home or abroad. We need housing, but this Congress is unlikely to approve more than 50,000 units for next year—at most a tenth of a reasonable program. We need TVAs—for power and flood control—on small and large scales, but there is little discussion of the matter, let alone moves in that direction. We badly need schools and hospitals, but the fear of federal aid to education and of "socialized medicine" is enough to dull minds to action.

In sum, Congress is not likely to be asked for, or, if asked, to approve of, any significant moves in the direction of expanded expenditures until its next session. And the impact of its appropriations, if and when made, would not be felt for at least a year. It takes time to debate, even more time to work up plans, and more time still for the economic effects of working projects to seep through the economy.

But, many liberals think quietly to themselves, maybe a depression would be a good thing? Not if it gives the madmen who would pound for big armaments expenditures and stepped-up hate a desperate audience. Not if it brings about chaos in the delicately-balanced world economy. Not if it means widespread unemployment in America, among other places, with all the misery that suggests. Not, in America, if it acts to reverse progress on the segregation question by pitting the unemployed against each other. We are surely bankrupt if we are able to make political hay only through economic disaster.

OUTPOST ON THE NEGEV

Heat, Dust and Sheep . . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Sde Boker, Israel

IT IS A measure of the outside world's vast innocence that Sde Boker is known as David Ben-Gurion's "desert retreat." And in this case the outside world means Tel Aviv as well as New York. The visitor who spends several days in conversation with the people of Beersheba and settlements to the south learns quickly that the world is divided into two distinct parts—the desert and the rest.

The fact that Ben-Gurion settled at Sde Boker during his brief retirement and goes there now on his infrequent holidays, is quite incidental to the community's role in the world of the desert. It has its own history, character and future. Furthermore, the very term "retreat" is unsuitable for Sde Boker. It is rather an "advance"—a hot barracks outpost twenty miles south of Beersheba, surrounded by rolls of barbed wire and the desert.

Sde Boker was started in 1952 by a dozen Israelis, all either Palestine-born or longtime residents, who had come to the Negev in the 1948-49 war with the Arabs and caught the peculiar philosophic fever of the desert. "What we had in mind for Sde Boker," one of its founders explained, "was an experiment. First of all, we wanted to set up a kind of nomad life; that is, we would have a mobile camp of trailers, and be able to move at short notice to follow the herds to new grazing land or new water sources. Then, we could carry out agricultural experiments for the government to supplement our income. We imagined it as a 'joint company,' with each of us holding a share—but we would have our own money and private property, and therefore a different form of organization from a *kibbutz*. So you see, we were trying to do many new things—and, of course, on top of it all was the security problem: infiltrators and Beduins."

IN MAY of 1952, half of the dozen founders moved out to their chosen site with three tents, a tin hut and a rifle apiece. It was the first Jewish settlement in the central Negev region, and the first of any kind since the ancient city of Abda—a mountain stronghold of Nabotean and Byzantine civilizations some ten miles to the south—had crumbled from power into pickings for visiting archeologists.

At first it seemed doubtful that Sde Boker would survive long enough to crumble. In the first months, one of the group's girl shepherds was killed by Beduins and one of the men was killed when infiltrators ambushed a truck. Winter came, and the water froze in the horse's troughs. And winter in the Negev means floods—sudden torrents of water that burst out of the hills and envelop anything in their course. An army jeep and its driver were caught in the path of one of these moving walls of water in the Sde Boker region and destroyed. Then with spring the locusts came—wiping out half the settlement's newly planted vegetable garden.

The pattern of life at Sde Boker had begun to take form—freezes and mountain floods in the winter, locusts and smothering heat in the summer; Arab raiders all year round. The "nomad" idea gave way to a more conventional permanent site, modeled more and more along *kibbutz* lines. Several of the originators, disillusioned with the dream's corruption, pulled up stakes and set out for other spots. By 1954 the goings and comings had left the camp with a partially different dozen inhabitants, who decided to issue a call for help from one of the country's youth groups.

In Israel the young men and women fresh out of high school may substitute their army service by two years of work in a "Nahal" group. These are formed from city youth

DAN WAKEFIELD has been contributing a notable series of articles on Israeli life to The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movements (some sponsored by political parties and some independent, such as the Scouts) who are trained in agriculture and sent to establish or reinforce agricultural settlements, usually on the border. The idea is that when their time of required service is up, most will stay.

SDE BOKER is farther from the borders than any other settlement in the country. The Jordan border is thirty miles to the east. The Egyptian border is twenty-five miles to the west. But there is nothing between the borders and Sde Boker except the empty immensity of the Negev landscape, animated only by the shifting movements of the Beduins and bands of Arab smugglers and raiders from Egypt and Jordan who move back and forth in the shrouded business of inter-tribal feuds and the hashish trade.

The Scout group from Tel Aviv that was asked to go to Sde Boker, however, was not too happy about the idea. Michael Shenar, one of that group's original members, recently explained to a visitor that "We had wanted to set up our own *kibbutz* on the Jordan border. But the Sde Boker people said if we would just come and help them out for six months we could leave. Of course what happened was that at the end of the six months our own group was doing so much of the work that the whole place would collapse if we left. Some wanted to leave anyway, but the more we stayed, the more we wanted to stay. Of course some left—mostly girls. That's one of the big problems in any *kibbutz*—getting enough girls to stay. But especially here, where conditions are worse than usual."

The visitor was curious to know just what the conditions were, and asked to put in a few days' work.

"Well, we need another man with the sheep," Michael said. "The guard will wake you at 4:30 tomorrow. Be sure to take a hat—the sun will kill you."

The sun was only a suggestion in the east when the visitor was wakened the next morning. The main camp of Sde Boker was cold and pale, the typical narrow *kibbutz* houses (long single-story buildings divided into four or five separate rooms) looking like a misplaced motel on the blank grey face of the dust that stared at the equally expressionless sky.

The Negev is not a conventional desert. Its flat spaces, however great, are always eventually broken by sudden cliffs and enormous hills, and the washed-out color of its dust-laid valleys runs into rich browns and greens before the horizon fades. But standing in the middle of one of those tables of dust—like the one that Sde Boker is on—the relief of different shapes and colors seemed too far away to be convincing. The hills to the east were shadowed with purple and one-dimensional in the distance, and looked like a giant backdrop curtain. The only reality was the dust.

MICHAEL gave the visitor a canvas bag of food and water canteens, and a rifle, and pointed him toward the flock. The current grazing ground was three miles south of the sheep camp—a truck converted to living quarters for four—and after leaving the road (the new connection between Beersheba and Eilat) the sheep straggled out. Finally the flock was successfully funnelled into a long narrow *wadi* of high green weeds. The sheep moved slowly as they grazed, the sound of their bodies brushing through the foliage all at once like a flowing river, and Yahiel, one of the shepherds, motioned the visitor up to a high plateau of chalk overlooking the valley. There was time to build a fire and to have a bite of breakfast.

But the meal was mainly dust. The Negev is made of dust, not sand, and even when you leave the flat sweeps of brown that defy vegetation, and move into slopes of green and deeper brown, you can't leave the dust. It follows with the wind, cracking your face and accumulating in a film over your closed eyelids and drying your lips. The cold egg sandwiches were flavored with dust by the time they got to the mouth, and dust crept into the coffee when Yahiel poured it from the fire-blackened pot to the cups.

BY THAT time the sheep had begun to string out of sight, and Yahiel ran down shouting to round them back into place. When he returned he told me that "the Beduin could sit up here and make his whole flock move by certain calls and whistles. His sheep are very smart. Ours are still ignorant, you see. We are only learning. All that most of us have done before is go to school." He took a copy of Remarque's *Spark of Life* from his pocket and settled back to read.

It was dark by the time the flock was counted into the corral. The oil-lamps were burning in the "wagon-house" and the table was set and centered with a tin can full of pink thistle flowers. Haya, the girl from the *kibbutz* assigned to keep house and cook for the shepherds, was fussing at the oil-burner that serves as a stove, and the fumes of oil and hot food filled the narrow shelter.

The day was over, and the only "bright lights" of the night were from the army jeeps and trucks on the otherwise empty road to Beersheba. After eating there was time for a cigarette and a glance at the paper or a magazine, but by then it was almost nine o'clock and the next day began at 4:30. The visitor went to his bed and ceased to wonder why there weren't more people flocking to the Negev—but rather why as many have come as were there. The kids at the sheep camp had all left Tel Aviv and the prospects of government or business careers for this job that could hardly be said to hold glory for a young man or woman fresh out of school. The work is fourteen hours a day, six days a week. The profits are food and shelter and the sun.

The best explanation of the mad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness came from Haim, as he shouted to the visitor in the back of a truck that was taking some members of Sde Boker to Beersheba: "Most all of our parents live in Tel Aviv, and they don't understand what we're doing here. My father came down and he looked around and said, 'What do you expect to do here, anyway? Look at it. It's only little bushes—it's nothing.'

"The first year or so I was here I didn't see it myself—but now I see it. I know this part of the country now, and I see what it's going to be—what we're going to make it. You know there were many who left, and I don't blame them. I blame the ones who didn't come at all. They sit in cafes and try to forget that we're surrounded by enemies and can't afford to sit back and take it easy yet. They are not realistic.

"Anyway I'm staying and I think we'll make something of it. I'm going to get some goats for us soon. We haven't tried goats yet, but we will—I think there's good pasturage for them here. Do you know anything about pasturage?"

The visitor didn't know a thing about pasturage. He leaned against the side of the open truck and looked at the monstrous Negev landscape—the brown hills lapped across one another in the distance, the rough, hostile cliffs and the empty grey valleys, and he tried to see what it would be in fifty years—the way Haim saw it. But the truck was driving into the wind and he had to close his eyes against the dust.

Starving the PURE FOOD ACT

After Fifty Years—Neglect .. *by Walter Goodman*

AMERICA'S Pure Food and Drug Law will be fifty years old June 30. The appropriate tributes being paid on this golden anniversary include national meetings, a commemorative resolution by Congress and a postage stamp honoring Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the U. S. Department of Agriculture chemist who pioneered the act. Despite the festivities, however, the returns of the day are not entirely happy.

The passage of the nation's supreme food and drug law in 1906 climaxed a series of more limited legislation in an area whose odor Upton Sinclair conveyed so pungently in his novel, *The Jungle*. The importation of adulterated drugs had been prohibited in 1848; adulterated food had been barred from the country in 1890; the year 1902 had seen the outlawing of false branding of food in interstate commerce; a scattering of laws had also been adopted covering cheese, flour, butter, oleomargarine and tea. Finally, in 1906, twenty-seven years after its introduction, the controversial bill which brought together the piecemeal legislation and added significant controls of its own was signed by Theodore Roosevelt. In 1938, after six years of Congressional birth pangs, Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act which modernized and strengthened the basic measure.

Administering this wide-ranging law today is the Food and Drug Administration, an arm of the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. A creation of the Executive Department, FDA has responsibility for protecting every man, woman and child in the United States from impure foods, drugs and injurious cosmetics.

FDA now regulates more than 100,000 commercial establishments trading in products worth more than $60 billion. It sets standards for more than half of all the packaged foods and about one-third of the prescription drugs retailed in America. It is responsible for seeing to it that foods and drugs are produced under sanitary conditions and for keeping unwholesome or dangerous products off the counters of the country. It seeks to give an air of reality to the words written on those colorful and enticing packages that fill our bulging supermarket shelves.

THE PROLIFIC post-war American family has multiplied the area of FDA activity. The population has increased by some thirty million since 1941, and the number of America's manufacturers, processors, shippers and retail outlets has grown accordingly. Technological developments in recent years have transformed—and complicated—the nature of FDA's work. Almost half of the highly potent drugs available today were in the realm of science fiction fifteen years ago; the sales of endocrine products, barbiturates, sulfonamides and vitamins have gone up by 300 to 900 per cent since World War II; the output of frozen foods has been more than tripled in the past decade; chemical additives have been pumped into our comestibles by a lavish and untiring hand. Your neighborhood supermarket stocks more than five times as many items today—many of them precooked—as it did in 1939.

But while FDA's responsibilities have multiplied, its resources have not. Between 1939 and 1952, the funds appropriated for it rose with a snail-like steadiness. In 1953, even this bare progress was halted, and the appropriation leveled off at an extremely modest $5,600,000. The next year it was cut to $5,200,000; in 1955 another $100,000 was sliced off. Whereas Canada is spending about 8 1/3 cents per person to administer its Food and Drug Act, the U. S. citizen must make do with 3 1/3 cents.

There are fewer FDA enforcement officials today than there were in 1941. That year found one official for each 160,000 of the population; in 1955, the figure was one for every 200,000. The causes of this decrease are by no means obscure. While private industry is starting graduate

WALTER GOODMAN is a free-lance writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chemists off with salaries of $5,000 and more, FDA is obliged to lure the young men into the government service with a spanking $65 a week.

The significance of all this has not been completely lost on Washington. At the beginning of 1955, then Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby appointed a National Citizens Advisory Committee to determine what effect this lack of money was having on FDA's operations. The committee, headed by G. Cullen Thomas, a vice president of General Mills, Inc., delivered its report almost exactly a year ago. Here are some of the things it told Mrs. Hobby: There was a 15 per cent reduction in FDA personnel between 1951 and 1955; laboratory and other equipment, some of which dates back to 1914, is not being replaced; field travel by inspectors and other personnel has been curtailed; a program of educational cooperation with industry has not been developed; the lack of attorneys has resulted in the accumulation of a backlog of legal actions.

WHERE does this gloomy parade of facts lead? "The committee is firmly of the opinion that (1) the scope and complexity of the present enforcement and regulatory problems, if dealt with inadequately, constitute a threat to the health and welfare of our citizens; and (2) that the resources of the FDA are woefully inadequate to discharge its present responsibilities." The Citizens Committee recommended a three to fourfold expansion of the administration in the next five to ten years.

The days of *The Jungle* are long past. FDA's job today does not lend itself readily to dramatic treatment. Perhaps if a batch of radioactive tuna fish had been shipped into this country after the 1954 atomic tests in the Pacific and had poisoned an American community, the resulting indignation might have inspired Congress to vote more money for FDA. But America was assured that this would not happen by a quiet round-the-clock Geiger counter check during the spring of that year of more than thirty-five million

See back cover of this issue for your Presidential Preference ballot. BE SURE TO VOTE--TODAY!

pounds of fresh and canned tuna sent here from Japan. FDA's work now is largely preventive—not the stuff of which best-selling novels or exciting picture magazine spreads is made. This change of tone in fifty years from the sensational to the routine is one measure—and one cost—of FDA's achievement.

The inspection of food factories is a sure-fire way of making certain that our packaged-food-buying families stay well. But this is hopelessly colorless work—even when some 2,500 tons of filthy and decomposed food is seized as it was in 1954; even when one of our oldest and largest candy manufacturers is found to be operating a seriously infested factory; even when one creamery is caught scraping flies from a pasteurizing vat and then churning the remaining cream into butter; even when insect-ridden chickpeas are used by economical coffee roasters to cheapen the cost of their product. These things all happened in 1954, the year that food-factory inspections were slashed by a quarter as the result of a reduction in FDA's inspection force.

Then there are the "pocketbook protection" cases. A coffee roaster is found to be making an illegal profit of $1,000 a week by distributing short-weight coffee. An extraordinary strawberry ice cream is discovered to contain no fruit product whatever. Candy bars are wrapped in deceptive packages to give them the appearance of their former, larger size. The manufacturers of fruit syrups neglect to add the word "imitation" on their labels. All doings worthy of FDA's attentions to be sure—but apparently not capable of wangling bigger appropriations out of Congress.

More than 200 drugs and related devices were seized by FDA in 1954. A machine reputedly capable of diagnosing any ailment by an examination of a dried blood spot on sterile paper was found by FDA inspectors to be incapable of distinguishing the blood of the living from that of the dead. "Orgone energy" accumulators were rounded up despite the protest of their promoter that FDA was incapable of understanding the "basic natural law" from which his machines obtained their wondrous powers. He therefore felt it useless, apparently, to appear in court to defend them against the Philistines.

MOST OF the seized drugs printed extravagant medical claims on their labels, assuring users that they would instantly relieve such ailments as diabetes, cancer, deep-seated infections (including venereal diseases), epilepsy and heart trouble, not to mention diverse malfunctionings of the kidney and liver. Each of these cases might have achieved a small paragraph in a local newspaper—easily missed or rapidly forgotten by a busy Congressman. The nationwide FDA surveys on patient reactions to new drugs, the tests of how atomic explosions effect foods, may never even get into the newspapers. An article is published in a scientific journal, and FDA has made another important—and unpublicized—contribution to the public welfare.

After fifty years of accomplishment, the Food and Drug Administration appears to have accomplished itself right out of the headlines. This would not be worrisome—except that marginal food and drug firms are still tempted by easy ways to save dollars. Adequate regulation requires funds, and every police commissioner knows that nothing gets more money for his force than a healthy, well-publicized crime wave. Traffic cops, however dutiful, are unlikely to stir the imagination of the citizenry. The resources of FDA, concluded the Citizens Committee, "are woefully inadequate to discharge its present responsibilities."

A postage stamp is a genial gesture, but it will be an unhappy irony if, after half a century, one of the most needed and successful administrative organs ever devised is prevented by lack of interest from effectively enforcing laws necessary to safeguard our health and our pocketbooks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Balance of Fears

REVOLT OF THE MODERATES. By Samuel Lubell. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

TESTAMENT OF A LIBERAL. By Albert Guérard. Harvard University Press. $4.50.

AMERICAN PARADOX. The Conflict of Thought and Action. By Merle Curti. Rutgers University Press. $2.75.

By Gordon Harrison

ONE infallible sign of good times is the uneasiness of intellectuals. With reason they fear preoccupation with wealth and the arrogance it breeds. They fear the power which success gives to the status quo and the sanction it lends to conformity. Most of all they fear the climate of fear which infects a nation wishing rather to hold on to what it has than to advance to better things.

Samuel Lubell finds the present tapestry of fear in American life so tightly woven and ingeniously balanced that, even though static, its internal stresses seem to deserve the parodox of his title: *The Revolt of the Moderates.* The prevalence of fear is assumed by Albert Guérard as background to the perils of the free individual which chiefly concern him in *Testament of a Liberal.* "Of all freedoms," he writes, "the essential one is freedom from fear; for it is fear that paralyzes thought. . . . If we are free from morbid fear, we shall also be free from unreasoning hate. . . . Both hatred and fear are the fruit of division and doubt." And the deepest of divisions, the most searing of doubts are those that set individual Americans at odds among themselves. The plight of the individual, central to both books, is the base of Mr. Lubell's political essay, the summit of Dr. Guérard's.

Mr. Lubell, as must now be apparent to all who read, is a skilful, thoughtful and enthusiastic exponent of a method of political analysis which he probably invented and certainly practices without serious popular competition. The method combines the statistical sample of the pollsters with an historian's sense of perspective and a journalisist's taste for getting the feel of truth by talking to people. Fear, he now finds, inhibits the will of the individual farmer who watches the price indexes, uncertain whether he should vote Republican to preserve his gains or Democratic to cut his losses. It divides the farm community, splitting politically the older farmers who paid off their debts during the wartime prosperity from the younger ones who find it increasingly difficult to get started.

Among the city workers and the foreign-born who were the backbone of the Roosevelt coalition, the dread of war and the dread of depression exert such strong contrary pulls that the citizen is either hopelessly undecided or rationalizes his dilemma by voting for both parties in turn while supporting neither. Like the crooked man in the crooked house, the divided urbanite lives in a divided community, split and balanced between the more or less faithful Democratic core and the heavily Republican suburbs. Cleavage and balance are also the essence of the politics of both parties. The Republicans, desperately weak on economic issues, perpetuate their division on foreign policy in order to hold the isolationists. The Democrats, counting on Negro support and saddled with Southern Bourbonism, are torn by race and economic class conflict which they can neither resolve nor escape.

The result of these contradictions within the individual and the group to which he is attached is at the moment a kind of political paralysis which passes for moderation. Yet, as Mr. Lubell is aware, so far as balance is the mutual frustration of increasingly sharp antagonisms it is not moderate in origin or implication. Nor is it moderate in its immediate consequences for government, if the times call not for drift but for imaginative, active defense of democratic institutions against extremist attacks.

While recognizing the dangers, Mr. Lubell is optimistic about the outcome. For one thing, he thinks current political schizophrenia results from the loosening of traditional party loyalties grounded in old battles and outworn prejudices. The first product of emancipation is the conflict in the voter's mind between the past and the present. In picking the present to win, Mr. Lubell plucks hope from the waning of the nineteenth-century ideological war between socialism and *laissez-faire.* Despite verbal echoes, we have turned our backs, he thinks, on the futile argument over whether government should do everything or nothing, and are "rediscovering the arts of governing day by day and problem by problem."

SOME such conclusion—that the salvation of politics lies in a pragmatic concern with good government—is implicit in Dr. Guérard's reflections, although the road he travels is quite different. While Mr. Lubell toured the precincts, Dr. Guérard, taking himself rather too self-consciously as an urbane curmudgeon, plumbed his own mind to discover what economic and political conditions of society are tolerable to a free man. Where Mr. Lubell is endlessly fascinated by the game of politics and its human counters, Dr. Guérard hates politics so bitterly that he can hardly be civil and cannot be fair. It is the more remarkable that from such opposite starting points they emerge with such similar warnings on the dangers of our time.

The middle class, on which Mr. Lubell necessarily pins his hope for the triumph of moderate politics, is cursed, he notes, with an "overfondness for contentment and quiet." From this come an impatience with the economic and psychological burdens of the cold war and a disposition to close class ranks at the bottom, as in the flight to the all-white, restricted suburbs of homogenized mediocrity. Rather more succinctly, Dr. Guérard observes the stupefaction of success. "When all is well with us, why think at all? . . . Who in his senses," he asks, "would question the essential rightness of a

GORDON HARRISON, author of The Road to the Right, *is an editorial writer on the Detroit* News.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society whose only harrowing problems are to find a parking space and a baby sitter?"

He exaggerates, of course. Worse, both he and Mr. Lubell note the coexistence of anxiety and complacency in our society without comment on the apparent paradox. No doubt a man who loves above all his own peace and quiet is pretty sure to be a neurotic who spends much of his peace and quiet worrying about it. But the balance of fears which Mr. Lubell describes betrays a deeper unease. We dread change not because we don't want to lose what we have but because we have so little faith in what we shall get. The farmer, for instance, while still relatively well off, is aware both that tomorrow he may be bankrupt and that neither he nor anyone else has a solution—even an ultimate one—to his problem. Despite official boasting that we can now manage the economy, the enduring heritage of depression is the suspicion of boom no matter how foolproof it looks. Preoccupation with security—and this extends from pensions to loyalty and preventive war—is the sign of an ineradicable sense of insecurity. Moderation in politics, from this point of view, is not so much a grasping for ease as the trance of one too scared and too confused to move.

The way out of irrational fears can only be through taking thought. So far as Dr. Guérard has a prescription for our ills, it is this: Let the political man with his exclusive concern for victory give way to the thoughtful man who seeks not to beat his enemies but to convert them. Peace without victory, like Christianity, has never been tried. But before it can be, politicians must be driven from their high estate. With curious inattention to the lessons of history, Dr. Guérard hopefully reintroduces the liberal panaceas of yesterday (although, to be fair, he no longer thinks of them as panaceas): a more enlightened public, more direct democracy, extension of civil service. But the answer he really believes in is the extension of civilization, by which he means "the critical mind, the judicial temper." The argument thus comes full circle: we must become more thoughtful by taking thought.

WHY DON'T we? This is the question on which the third book of this trio on the American temper should supply illumination. Merle Curti in *American Paradox* examines in three brief lectures "the conflict of thought and action" in America. But while he traces the rise of anti-intellectualism and suggests some of its causes in our heritage and experience, the analysis seems finally unrealistic and unusable because he assumes that the distrust of thinkers is no more than an aberration in a society of still imperfectly rational individuals. Characteristically, he concludes with a lecture on the "Crisis in Education" in which he suggests that the cure for anti-intellectualism is to teach the young how to think. Granting the need and usefulness of such a proposal, it ignores the biological fact that, even with the best teaching in the world, thoughtfulness would remain an attribute of the few and would therefore seem to the many an invidious distinction. Surely the hue and cry against the egghead is the perennial appeal of the rabble rouser and succeeds exactly in proportion as social values are dominated by the mass.

ABOUT all three of these books, thoughtful and readable as they are, there is an oddly old-fashioned ring. Mr. Lubell, employing an up-to-the-minute technique of analysis, carries with him a nineteenth,or even eighteenth, century faith in the enlightened demos which approaches George Bancroft's mystique of the ultimate wisdom of the people. Dr. Guérard believes that the public can be enlightened and that public opinion can be captured and used as an instrument of reform by intellectual leaders. Dr. Curti has faith in what he calls "multiple leadership," the recognition and exploitation of manifold skills and talents "for the common good."

One would not rule these ideals out of court, much less disparage the faith behind them, but it does seem relevant to ask how far the notion of self-government by rational men fits the facts of a society increasingly numerous, increasingly frustrated by ignorance of increasingly complex problems of government, and relentlessly pressed into a common mold by mass production, mass selling and mass communications. This is the environment with which thoughtful and free men must somehow make their peace—or, rather, in which they must continue their war against prejudice and stupidity with just that modicum of success needed to survive. It will not do to try to educate the mass not to act like a mass. The only effective defense of freedom, as Dr. Guérard observes, is to use it effectively, which is to say that nothing will be yielded the individual on principle which he cannot prove he deserves in practice.

How To Get Away With It

A DISCORD OF TRUMPETS. By Claud Cockburn. Simon and Schuster. $3.95.

By Kingsley Amis

THE REALLY formative experience of Claud Cockburn's career seems to have been his discovery at boarding school that the more rules there are, the easier and safer it is to break them. He was well qualified to be granted such a revelation. Born at Peking, on the day, typically enough, when the Japanese blew up the Russian flagship at Port Arthur, he was raised in the enviably anarchic environment of well-to-do Edwardian England. The Cockburns were not only eccentric; they were influential enough to have some (though not, thank heaven, very much) effect on public events. Thus Uncle Philip constructed a scare about French torpedo boats which nearly broke up Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee naval review; Uncle Frank encouraged revolutions in Mexico; Cockburn senior canvassed a scheme whereby a Chinese army should hold down India and an Indian army China, with the British sitting snugly in the middle. Even the Cockburns' landlord had once worn a tea cozy on his head when the Queen came to tea with him in Scotland; it was meant to show that he was as keen as anyone on the party being a success. It was no wonder that young Claud, deciding on political journalism as his field, should set about diminishing law and order therein.

KINGSLEY AMIS is the author of That Uncertain Feeling *and* Lucky Jim.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After warming-up sessions in Hungary and France, he became a correspondent of the London *Times* in Berlin, thereby evading the various character-building hoops through which the *Times* ordinarily required its neophytes to jump. He encountered (at different times) Stresemann, the daughter of a Hungarian count, a whole squad of bankers and baronesses, Ezra Pound, Sinclair Lewis' dog and a woman on the Orient Express who behaved like an international spy and later turned out to be an international spy. At the *Times* office in London, Cockburn's first peek into the foreign editorial room caught one sub-editor reciting Plato in Greek while another sub-editor translated it into Chinese. The whole thing showed that the *Times* is like what people say it is like, and even more like a parody of what people say it is like. But it is Cockburn's special talent to make farcial things happen wherever he goes, just as fictional detectives foment murder.

THE United States did not escape. Wall Street in 1929 was remarkable for the slow, almost dream-like tempo of its way of life. Things hotted up a little when the crash came, and we get a curiously impressive story, funny and disturbing at the same time, about the millionaire Edgar Speyer, whose servants burst into the dining room among the guests, crying out that they had been ruined and he must come and save them. The *Times* requested a dispatch from Chicago on Al Capone, "not unduly emphasizing crime." With a submachine gun covering him from a convenient transom, Cockburn understood Capone to deny that he was a goddam radical or was knocking the American system: his rackets were run on strictly American lines and were going to stay that way. On arrival in Washington Cockburn saw the Capitol dome burst into flames, as it had done 115 years earlier soon after the arrival, in less pacific circumstances, of a Cockburn ancestor.

In 1933, when he was back in London, Cockburn's rule-breaking talents really got cracking. Feeling that people ought to know what was actually going on in the international scene, he founded a mimeographed journal, *The Week*, on a shoestring budget. All the stories that established papers dared not print, all the rumors which said as much as facts, were typed up and sent to selected addresses. The policy was less to break the libel laws than not to know what they were and to resist all efforts to explain them. Cockburn's only rule was to see that what he printed would make his antagonist look more foolish than himself if it came to an action. *The Week* was a dead flop until the Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, denounced it as conspiratorial and subversive. Then subscriptions flooded in from diplomats, bankers, Congressmen, Senators, correspondents, King Edward VIII, Charlie Chaplin and a sect who foretold the future by measuring the Pyramids. Von Ribbentrop, the Reich's ambassador in London, honored the journal by calling it the focus of British slanders about the Nazis. Yet even when it named and attacked Lady Astor's Cliveden Set, there were no libel actions: the Cockburn rule worked. Such was *The Week's* influence that it was selected to run the story which might have saved King Edward from abdication. At the last minute the promised dispatch failed to arrive, but at any rate Cockburn had had "a lot of fun."

Yes, it was all a lot of fun. Fun being London correspondent of *Time, Fortune* and *Pravda* in the intervals of running *The Week* and writing for the London *Daily Worker* (which turned out to resemble the *Times* to an almost macabre degree); fun being twice nearly shot as a spy during the Spanish war, once unjustly, once deservedly; fun bamboozling the French Premier into letting through a secret consignment of arms for the Spanish government. And what fun we would all have if *The Week* were running today. Think of the stories about Eden, Eisenhower, Bulganin and Khrushchev which Cockburn undoubtedly knows but which you and I will never read. Let us be thankful that at least we have *A Discord of Trumpets*, the most brilliantly amusing and invigorating modern autobiography that any of us is likely to get his hands on. And let us be grateful, too, that all the disillusionments one can read behind these witty and high-spirited pages left Cockburn as they found him, hard-headed but never cynical, sensitive but never soft.

Painting and Shelter in the Far East

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF CHINA. By Laurence Sickman and Alexander Soper. The Pelican History of Art. Penguin Books. $8.50.

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF JAPAN. By Robert Treat Paine and Alexander Soper. The Pelican History of Art. Penguin Books. $8.50.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF JAPAN. By Arthur Drexler. The Museum of Modern Art. Simon and Schuster. $6.50.

ART IN EAST AND WEST: An Introduction through Comparisons. By Benjamin Rowland. Harvard University Press. $5.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THE NINTH and tenth volumes of the Pelican History of Art, edited by Nicolaus Pevsner, complete the coverage of Far Eastern art which was planned for this forty-eight-volume publication. With Professor Rowland's Pelican volume on the art and architecture of India (not to be confused with the book reviewed below), they provide up-to-date and scholarly resumes of what is known of these vast subjects.

The present volumes follow the pattern set for this series: some 300 pages of text with maps, generous notes and bibliography, plus a corpus of nearly 200 pages of half-tone illustrations. Both are further subdivided, because of dual authorship, some 200 pages of text being devoted to sculpture and painting, and the remaining 100 pages to a study of architecture. Professor Soper, who has written the sections on architecture for both volumes, is one of a very few Westerners who qualify as experts in this obviously important field. Mr. Sickman presides over the W. R. Nelson Gallery in Kansas City, where he previously served as curator of Oriental art, and Mr. Paine is assistant curator in the similar branch of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The collections

S. LANE FAISON, JR., is chairman of the Art Department at Williams College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of these two institutions rival all but the greatest state collections in China and Japan. In deference to an American public, the authors have emphasized in their choice of illustrations works available in the Western world, notably in public museums in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Cleveland, Toronto, Cincinnati and Honolulu, in addition to Boston and Kansas City. A sampling of European museums and of the national collections at Peking and Tokyo is also included.

While these texts are scholarly and intensive throughout, Mr. Paine's is perhaps the most successful from the point of view of the general reader. It is less purely descriptive, more contemplative and more intellectual. It offers such thoughtful generalizations as the following:

> Emotional values, those of an impressionable and appreciative spirit, were esteemed in Japan more than the fruits of reason and philosophy. In spite of the proximity of China . . . there is in Japan a freedom of feeling which stands in strong contrast to the ethical high-mindedness expressed in the arts of China and reflecting the spirit of Confucius.

In so compressed a coverage digressions are necessarily few. Nevertheless, Professor Soper characterizes Japanese architecture as essentially colonial in relation to the Chinese, "approximately as close to its original as was the brick Palladianism of Philadelphia to the English Georgian." Elsewhere he speaks of the late architecture of Peking as favoring "a kind of neo-classical respectability."

Though Chinese civilization covers some 4,000 years and Japanese less than 1,500, the early centuries of China are shrouded in such mystery and its recent history has been marked by so considerable an artistic decline that the overall balance between these volumes is more nearly even than might be expected.

MUCH of Dr. Drexler's volume on Japanese architecture covers the same ground as Mr. Soper's long essay, but it is more detailed and the illustration is much more generous and of notably superior quality. Furthermore, special attention is paid to postwar rebuilding of Japan, so that old traditions are followed into their contemporary metamorphoses. Relationships with the West are likewise studied, and in both directions: for every Frank Lloyd Wright Imperial Hotel there is direct Japanese impact on Western house building. Landscape gardening receives its proper emphasis as fundamental to Japanese architectural design, and here the connections with Far Eastern painting becomes striking.

His text is an extension of the extremely important photomural exhibition of Japanese architecture which has been circulated in the United States by the Museum of Modern Art. A supplementary section gives a detailed account of the Japanese house which stood for months in the museum's garden.

While Professor Rowland's small volume is no longer new, I feel it should be mentioned in the company of these more specialized works. For some years now, Mr. Rowland has been giving a course at Harvard which offers comparative studies of Eastern and Western forms in sculpture and painting through examples selected for their apparent similarity. The similarities, while spectacular, are generally coincidental, though in the case of certain Indian sculptures the impact of Alexander's conquest is not to be overlooked. Malraux's *Voices of Silence* contains many such confrontations, but Rowland's analyses are more workmanlike, if less ecstatic.

To the ambitious reader who wishes to become informed on the whole subject of Far Eastern art, I would suggest that he try *Art in East and West* as an *hors d'oeuvre* before he attacks the main course.

Technique Above Comment

LUCY CROWN. By Irwin Shaw. Random House. $3.95.

THE SHADOW OF MY HAND. By Holger Cahill. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.95.

A HOUSE OF CHILDREN. By Joyce Cary. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

A CONTEST OF LADIES. By William Sansom. Reynal and Company. $3.50.

By John R. Willingham

IF NO particularly valuable generalizations about the state of modern fiction arise from the consideration of these books in juxtaposition, the four, taken singly, exemplify a considerable persistence of the technical advance of the 1920's and 30's, and a certain reflection of the predicament arising from technique without comment of commensurate importance The first three are novels; Sansom's book is a volume of short stories. All four men—Shaw and Cahill are Americans; the last two are British—are well known, established, professional writers. Of the lot, Cary probably warrants and gets the most sustained and enthusiastic attention from the practicing critics.

Irwin Shaw's retreat from the powerful writing of which he was capable in the late 1930's, particularly in the plays *Bury the Dead* and *The Gentle People,* is continued in this, the third novel. Into the story of eternally youthful and beautiful Lucy Crown, enough melodrama to satisfy the most avid reader of women's magazine fiction and enough parlor psychology to satisfy the most zealous amateur analyst are poured, not subtly but pell-mell. A family of three—Lucy, her husband and their son—rend one another emotionally from pages 3 to 339. The overprotective mother's careless proclivity for sleeping with younger men brings on the major difficulties, as if Shaw hadn't suggested plenty in just the impossible nature of the marriage and the son's numerous psychic wounds. But the major stages of the plot veer drastically away from the probable, and one is left with the conviction that, despite Shaw's often brilliant parts, there just isn't any structural or thematic justification for *Lucy Crown.*

American novelists quite understandably get the urge from time to time to write novels of our native soil, to explore the meaning of American experience through something like a "neo-local-color" medium or through the much more ambitious semi-epic, bardic tradition of Whitman's exultant quest for America. Within the past twenty or twenty-five years, Steinbeck,

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM is associate professor of English at Centenary College of Louisiana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wolfe, Waldo Frank and Ross Lockridge, Jr., have succeeded in varying degrees in handling the chaos of American life, perhaps because all four resisted the impulse to sentimentality that seems to be inextricably connected with strictly regional fiction. Mr. Cahill's novel of life in the wheat country of North Dakota fails because there is too obvious an attempt to weight down a clear enough love of the northern prairie land to a rather trite plot of pastoral romance, politics and jealousies. The prose is lush, the motivation is romantic and the theme is blurred.

JOYCE CARY'S career has been unusual from the beginning. Now in his late sixties and acknowledged to be in the top rank of British novelists, he did not start his writing career until he was forty-four, and had already had a career in government service. *A House of Children,* which was originally published in England in 1941 and honored by the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, plumbs Cary's own childhood memories. Cary profits from the experiments of other English novelists (e. g., Virginia Woolf) at the same time that he remains free of any coterie. His special strength has always been in the creation of a world sustained by the imagination of his viewpoint character—a world whose lineaments became even more durable as the reader becomes Cary's character. Such an achievement always seems particularly difficult for an author who deals with the world of children for an adult audience. Yet *A House of Children* succeeds admirably in evoking childhood's magic world with all its clarity and richness unsullied by adult analysis. Young Evelyn, the narrator, simply relives his summers near the end of the last century at Dunamara with his brother and cousins—ten children whose ages range from four to fourteen. There is no plot really—only awareness of things going on. The children observe and sometimes act; they perceive the evasions and the defections of adults with an astonishing unself-conscious clarity. Cary informs us that children don't enjoy life any more than adults; "they are only more eager for experience."

Sansom's facile short stories, which are already familiar to readers of *Harper's Bazaar, Argosy* and a large number of British magazines, specializes in the quiet but fierce ironies of experience. Not so much experiences of exotics (as in the case of John Collier's tales, which Sansom's superficially resemble) as those of mild eccentrics: a retired actor who furnishes his house as a hotel and ends up housing a bevy of beauty contestants, or a British lover who discovers the unpredictable nature of women through the chance upheaval of a window display of fish. The reader participates in the escape of a timid widower from an overbearing female professional tourist, the casual and unaccountable advent of death in the city streets on Sunday, or the perverse rivalry between two old gentlemen whose main interests in life are their exquisite economies.

In manner and matter, Cary and Sansom certainly outstrip the two American writers, both of whom have surrendered, in different ways, to the dubious demands of writing popular fiction.

Eve Beyond Eden

Today I looked with clearer eyes and saw
The rough black soil which we must learn to plough,
The pods blown wide and wind-torn from the bough
And grasses in the sun aging to straw.
Those perfect streams where I no more shall draw
Have idled into stagnant ponds by now
Where only fitful dragonflies allow
The frightening calm its brilliance and its flaw.
Today wild coveys shiver the open air
Amazed with freedom; as we, dazed with choice,
Tremble unsure between desire and prayer
Where once we needed only to rejoice.
Birds settle to evensong, but I must share
The new tormenting knowledge in your voice.

ELLEN DE YOUNG KAY

THE LISTENER'S MUSICAL COMPANION

B. H. Haggin

Readers of the **Nation** have long known B. H. Haggin as one of the most perceptive and provocative music critics in the country. His column in these pages has been a weekly delight to thousands of music lovers. This book, composed of wholly new material, is Haggin at his best, writing for readers of all degrees of musical experience, providing a helpful companion for anyone who wants to get more out of music. It contains also a large section of "Recommendations of Recorded Performances." In this section the author discusses in detail what he considers to be good recordings of works mentioned in the first half of the book.

The Listener's Musical Companion, like no other book in its approach and presentation, is a book to be enjoyed before turning on the high-fidelity set, a book with which to follow the course of a piece of music, the best companion for the listener to music.

". . . in a class with lectures by the occasional great teacher whose genuine enthusiasms spark his classes and whose frank hatreds are signs not of narrowness but of life . . . His style is lucid and his approach mettlesome, and the book is a pleasure to read."—**The New Yorker**

"This Haggin Companion is the best guide I have yet come across." — John Barkham, **Saturday Review Syndicate**

Mr. Haggin teaches you to make "distinctions between musical experience in musical terms; you are thinking musically. And it is because Mr. Haggin can help you to do this or to do it better that he is our foremost music critic." — Robert E. Garis, **The Nation**

$6.00 at all bookstores

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Brunswick, New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From Paris

Gerald Sykes

IT WILL BE generally agreed, I think, that one of the most fortunate human traits is the capacity to enjoy the routine incidents of daily life, to treat them, so to speak ritually, to turn them into events. This has been called a sacramental attitude, because it implies a reverence for each manifestation of life. It may be combined with traits which might seem, superficially, to contradict it, such as humor or mordancy; it is the exclusive property of no faith and no nation; only a few people achieve it now and then, though ideally it is within the reach of all of us all the time.

I think it could be demonstrated, now when the tourist season is getting under way, that many people come to this city because they believe it might help them to achieve this attitude. They come to the City of Light because they believe it may help them to become more enlightened. On their police cards their motivations are restricted to health, work, or tourism; there is no fourth space for the pilgrimage impulse that draws them to a place renowned not only for its monuments, its cuisine, its "atmosphere," but for the remarkable frequency with which people have found here historically a humane way of life.

This pilgrimage is strange, because today that attitude is on the defensive. In an age of heavy industry and heavy armament to insist on ritual enjoyments, to make a ceremony of daily routine, is not only anachronistic but politically dangerous. It creates individuals who demand too much from their tenure on earth to be useful to the state. They resist both one-party and two-party systems and unite, when they unite at all, in splinter groups that have almost brandished their impracticality. Such people make too much fuss over mere beauty of language. They are notoriously overfond of good meals. (During the war a French journalist attributed American victories to our cafeteria method of feeding our troops—the time it saved, the resentment it engendered, the combativeness it finally levelled at the foe.) Such people, when they go to a children's party, do not wait impatiently until it ends; they enjoy it as much as the children do. If they attend the *vernissage* of a painter, they do not mutter "Very nice" and hurry off; they stay for hours, debate the theories implicit in his style, praise, denounce, write articles in small magazines. They even argue at funerals about the place in history of the deceased.

They have not yet learned that all this is a waste of time, that survival in today's power struggle demands strict curtailment of all natural joys, that the future belongs to the sourpuss. Above all, the backslapping sourpuss, the fake hearty. They would be inclined to dismiss such a thought as secularized puritanism and turn away from it to the childish pleasures they still seem to find in mere lovemaking.

Alas, they have infected one visitor with their decadence. The trivia recorded below were all events, savored to the hilt, if only because they occurred here.

THERE WAS, for example, the first bicycle built for two that I have seen in a year and a half of close watching. Pre-war memories returned of the Popular Front and Henry Miller. The tandem swung over the Pont Royal, from the Left Bank to Right Bank, with the husband in front and the wife in back. An old-fashioned-looking couple: the kind that would go to a folk-dance hall in Lower Manhattan to do the Pattycake Polka. No doubt they couldn't afford one of those handsome new scooters—family-style motorcycles—which have filled all Europe with a glorious new music, by way of scientific compensation, ever since DDT eliminated the mosquitoes and *their* music.

THERE WAS the controversy over Graham Greene's *The Quiet American* when it appeared as *Un Américain Bien Tranquille,* first in the pro-Mendès-France *Express* and then as a book. This is the shrewdest bit of anti-American propaganda in years, and was given a heated welcome here, especially after its forthcoming publication in Moscow was announced. Its plot turns on the charge that an American undercover agent in Indo-China, always a sensitive subject in Paris, caused bombing outrages that killed women and children and were duly blamed on Communists; a charge so grave as to call either for the repudiation at the polls of the American government which authorized such outrages, if authorized they were, or for the moral repudiation of Graham Greene, if he invented this gruesome twist, as having overstepped maliciously the bounds of fictional license. As an American I cannot say I enjoyed this controversy, but it reimpressed me with the readiness of the rest of the world to believe the very worst of my compatriots. And so in a sense it too was savored.

THERE WAS the night when the lights went out in my hotel, and the electrician was sent for. When he arrived—this is the *other* side of French ritualism—he couldn't go to work until after he had shaken hands with the proprietor, his wife, his children and all the help. Since his hands were dirty he could only give a finger. When he replaced a fuse—which even I can do—he was hailed as a technocratic hero. More drinks, more felicitation, more fingershakes.

THERE WAS the production of James Joyce's *Exiles,* which startled theatregoers by the rapidity with which the wife reports to her morbid husband each pass that his best friend has made at her. This new move in the art of the triangle was regarded locally as a sinister threat to the very foundations of the home.

THERE WERE the openings, on the same afternoon, of the Salon de Mai and a new Braque show. Both exhibitions were excellent—the former of one recent work apiece of about 250 advance-guard painters, sculptors and engravers, including Leger, Picasso, Villon, Hartung, Severini and the Americans Phillips, Schnabel and de Caro; the latter of new pictures (fresh and powerful) by one of the world's great masters. Equally good shows are given in New York. These were made to feel like *events*—by a municipal magic that has not yet gone West.

To judge by a recent symposium

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the radio, and private conversations, most serious Parisians believe that the emphasis on individual experience, and the sacramental attitude it assists, will soon be snowed under by scooters, DDT, coca cola, blue jeans, tv, picture magazines, jazzed-up newspapers, popular novelists, *hot-dogs véritables* and spoiled children. There is great fear here that this bastion of reverence for life will fall fast enough before the invincible legions of "other-directed" massmindedness. If that is true, this is the time of year to watch the hordes of camera-toting tourists who arrive at the greatest vacation center in the world for a last affectionate look at invisibilities they themselves are destined to destroy.

Records

B. H. Haggin

THOMAS SCHIPPERS, in the Metropolitan's performance of *Don Pasquale* the past season, revealed not only impressive powers as a conductor but a feeling for the style of Italian comic opera that one didn't expect from someone born in Kalamazoo. And on Angel 35335 he demonstrates discerning musical taste by his selection of the unfamiliar pieces that he plays with the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples. These include two concertos for strings by Francesco Durante (1684-1755) arranged from his *Quartetti concertanti* by Lualdi: the one in A major with a long and beautiful slow movement between two delightful fast ones; the one in F minor a more elaborate work, with two very beautiful slow movements and three engaging fast ones. In addition there are two unfamiliar and unusual pieces by Vivaldi: the Sinfonia in B minor *Al Santo Sepolcro,* a single long and affecting slow movement; and the attractive Concerto in C for a large and varied group of solo winds and strings, edited by Casella. And finally Salieri's Overture to *Axur, Re d'Ormus,* which reveals Mozart's contemporary and rival as a skilful composer in the idiom of his period. The Scarlatti Orchestra is a much larger group than the Virtuosi di Roma and I Musici; and Schippers produces with it performances which are excellently paced and shaped and fine-sounding.

Oiseau-Lyre 50073 offers a group of Vivaldi pieces—the Concertos in A and F for orchestra, the Concertos in D minor and F for oboe, the Concerto in B flat for oboe and violin—played by Claude Maisonneuve, oboe, George Alès, violin, and an instrumental group under de Froment. The engaging Concerto in A for orchestra is the one performed by I Musici with more refinement of tone and phrasing on Angel 35087. The impressive Concerto in D minor is the one performed by Zanfini and the Virtuosi di Roma on Decca DL-9679; and though Maisonneuve plays with more subtly inflected tone (but also with disturbing noises from the mechanism of his instrument), Zanfini is an excellent oboist whose performance is heard in a context of finer string-playing by the Virtuosi. The first movement of the Concerto in F for orchestra doesn't prepare one for the harmonically powerful slow movement and the delightfully unusual finale. The other two works are less interesting; and Alès is an unattractive violinist, who fortunately is heard only briefly. The excessively sharp recorded sound is improved by reduction of treble.

Oiseau-Lyre 50008 offers two brilliant-sounding and enjoyable works by Francesco Barsanti (1690-1760)—the Concerti Grossi Op. 3 No. 4 for two horns and drums and No. 10 for two oboes, trumpet and drums, both with strings and harpsichord—which are performed excellently by the Lamoureux Chamber Orchestra and unidentified soloists under Pierre Colombo. On the reverse side is a fluently inconsequential Cimarosa Concerto in G for two flutes, with beautiful playing of the solo parts by Rampal and Hériché.

THE MUSICOLOGISTS have taken it into their heads to question the authenticity of Bach's Clavier Concerto in D minor, with arguments which have concerned everything but the one decisive thing these men are unable to appreciate: the quality of the music produced by the breath-takingly sustained invention. As Landowska observes, speaking for once with succinct good sense, "Who else, at that time, could have conceived a work of such grandeur, skill and might?" She makes this comment on the envelope of Victor LM-1974, which gives us for

(Continued on third cover)

BORZOI BOOK

Capsule commentaries on the American scene

ERIC SEVAREID

SMALL SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT

Another collection of casually perceptive broadcasts, covering the period of the Eisenhower era.

"These lucid little pieces about the great news events of our time abound in wit and, above all, a sort of midwestern horse sense which puts an air of calm perspective around our hectic times."

—JOHN CROSBY

$3.50 at most bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

Service for Our Readers

If there's ANY book you want to buy—you can do so without leaving the comfort of your home. Simply let our Readers' Service Department do your shopping.

Here's all you have to do: send us the name and author and, if possible, the publisher of the book We'll have it sent directly to you.

If payment is received with your order the books will be sent you post-free; if sent COD, you will be charged the regular price plus postage.

No COD's outside the United States.

Address your orders to:

***The* NATION**

Miss O. Le Pach
Readers' Service Department
333 Sixth Avenue ,N.Y. 14, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLICATIONS

Read
"SO RICH, YET SO POOR—
The Paradox of Plenty
A layman's look at the American Price System; a factual presentation that will jar you into doing some serious thinking. You cannot afford to miss reading this vivid portrayal.
61,000 words $1.50 postpaid
T. H. Gibbins, Dept. N, P. O. Box 1933, Oakland 4, California

LITERARY SERVICES

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. No obligation. Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16.

RECORDINGS

SALE: 78 R. P. M. RECORDINGS. Discontinued numbers. Free lists. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, 98 Duncan Avenue, Jersey City 6, New Jersey.

MEETING

See DANNY KAYE in
ASSIGNMENT: CHILDREN
Prize-winning UNICEF Technicolor documentary
Monday, June 18, 8:30 P.M.
Hotel Shelton
49th St. and Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
Admission Free
East Side, AMERICANS for DEMOCRATIC ACTION

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
Alfred Kanfer
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych. journals.
Receiver of research grants.

PERSONALS

WRITER'S COLONY IN MEXICO! Personal, professional instruction in fact, fiction, poetry. Group criticism and discussions. First-class resort hotel on Gulf with private beach and swimming pool. Ideal fishing, hunting. Year-round summers. American instruction and management. International cuisine. Tuition, board, private room with bath; $145 month. Special rates extended periods. Limited accommodations. Hotel Balneario, Tecolutla, Veracruz, Mexico.

CHARCOAL PORTRAIT skillfully drawn from photo. Illustrated details. Gemery Studio, 365 Long Hill Ave., Room 4, Shelton, Conn.

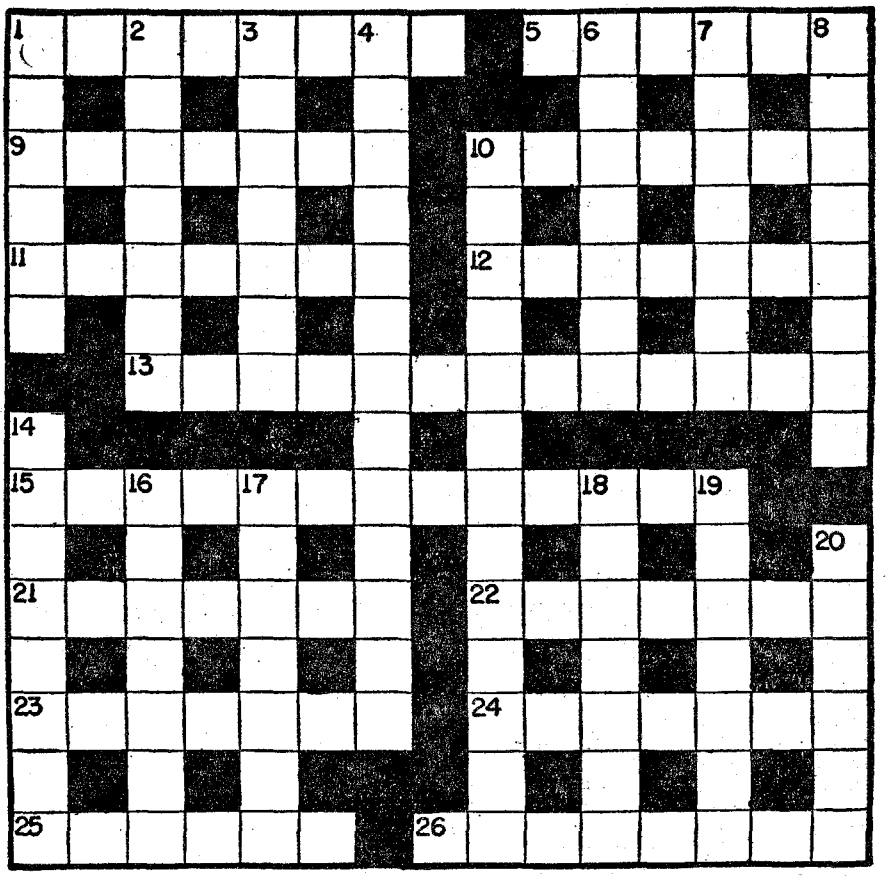
FASCINATING NEW FOLK ARTS—West Germany, Japan, Denmark. Potluck, 10c to $10, guaranteed. Free list. PACIFIC NEW ENGLAND, INC., Box 1152, Studio City,

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalog. Steven N. Williams, Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

ANNOUNCEMENT
A HI-FI RECORD GIVEN FREE
when you visit our new enlarged Hi-Fi Department, featuring a complete line of Pilot component parts and complete units. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N. Y. C. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking or two tokens.

Crossword Puzzle No. 676

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not likely to be very proficient 10 down, without a fund there. (8)
5 Inside cutter-out. (6)
9 Speaks one's piece. (7)
10 Unfortunately, not a mink producer. (3,4)
11 He could be helpful to one who leans to port. (7)
12 Not very thick drink around! (7)
13 This might rsult from sitting on square eggs! (5-8)
15 Prepared for the altar, or just by the new bride? (5,8)
21 Inimical, like the sick bard. (3,4)
22 Namely this? (17)
23 The break of day came to this, obviously. (7)
24 No small part of a circular gesture. (7)
25 Turns out. (6)
26 Blake's tiger's was fearful. (8)

DOWN:

1 Gather by inference. (6)
2 Short study in secular surroundings. (7)
3 A notion of character, probably. (7)
4 Be completely suspicious of this? (13)
6 Certainly one shouldn't be like this! (7)
7 In it butter, in a manner of speaking rises in the drink. (7)
8 Sort of green years, perhaps. (8)
10 Money, so be it, to count, basically. (14)
14 The rule has to be changed, when someone does. (8)
16 Things might be given up like this, or else are changed. (7)
17 Attribute of Poseidon. (7)
18 What to do with a dead guy, in the meantime? (7)
19 Bab. (7)
20 Vulgarly large, but pleasing. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 675

ACROSS: 1 PHOENICIAN; 6 ODDS; 10 PREVAIL; 11 OBLIGES; 12 PASSABLE; 13, 16, 9, 5, 20, 22 ALONE, ALONE, ALL ALL ALONE, ALONE ON A WIDE WIDE SEA; 15 OPERA; 17 ABSCONDED; 19 PROMOTERS; 21 EDWIN; 23 EVADE; 24 PSALMODY; 27 SWILLED; 28 REVISED; 29 DOES; 30 BEDSPREADS. DOWN: 1 PIPS; 2 OVERAWE; 3 NEARS; 4 CALIBRATE; 7 DOGWOOD; 8 SUSPENDING; 14 COMPRESSED; 18 SASSAFRAS; 24 PADRE; 25 MOVER; 26 ADDS.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept. The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 519)

the first time the performance of the concerto that she recorded in December, 1938, with a string group under Bigot. Why it was never issued here before is hard to understand; for it offers some of the excitingly enlivening phrasing Landowska was capable of at that time, as against her recent gigantesque pounding. The harpsichord can be heard with sufficient clarity most of the time (but not with as much clarity as Szigeti's violin in the superb performance of the violin version on Columbia ML-4286); the shrill string sound needs reduction of treble. On the reverse side Landowska's less attractive playing of today is heard in Bach's less interesting Fifteen Two-Part Inventions, concerning which she writes her more usual pomposities on the envelope.

Bach's Suite No. 2, the most enjoyable of the four, and No. 1, the least interesting, are played well by van Beinum with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra on Epic LC-3194. And Telefunken LGX-66040 offers No. 1 with No. 3, which has the famous melodic movement known as the Air for G String, and which is played well by von Benda with the Berlin Chamber Orchestra —despite an unconvincing change of tempo in the second Gavotte.

Handel's six Concerti Grossi Op. 3 don't equal the better-known Concerti Grossi Op. 6, but are fine works for the most part, and are played well by the Boyd Neel Orchestra on London LL-1130.

As for Haydn, Szell's performances of the Symphonies Nos. 88 and 104 with the Cleveland Orchestra on Epic LC-3196 are insensitive and graceless. Leinsdorf and the Rochester Philharmonic give good performances of Nos. 94 *(Surprise)* and 101 *(Clock)* on Columbia's low-priced RL-6621; but insufficient care in recording has resulted in low level, loss of brightness and volume near the center, inaudible plucked bass notes in the finale of No. 94, and too much reverberation. Angel 35312 offers a sensitively phrased performance of No. 101 by Markevitch and the French National Radio Orchestra, in which the second movement sounds hurried and texture isn't always clear. Texture also isn't always clear in the otherwise excellent performance of the less familiar but superb No. 102 on the reverse.

RESORTS

VACATION PLUS
at World Fellowship

Combine insight and recreation at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate near Conway, N.H. For ALL faiths, races, colors, convictions.

SWIMMING, FISHING, BOATING, FOLK-DANCING, EXCURSIONS

Conferences on American Heritage, Religious and Civil Liberties, Peace, Desegregation, Labor, Cultures, Faiths of Different Peoples.

Generous family-style meals.
Room and board $5 to $7 daily.
For full information address
WORLD FELLOWSHIP
Conway, New Hampshire

UNIQUE LAKESIDE RESORT, Lodge & Cabins in deep woods, rustic, informal, moderate. Boating, canoeing, swimming, tennis, shuffleboard, etc. on grounds, Hi-fi recordings, barbecues, hikers' lunches. Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Playhouse. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder N.

Echo Lake Lodge
In the Green Mts. Brandon, Vermont
A delightful Vacation Resort for the Entire Family
- Private sandy beach—all water sports
- New canoes, boats, swim and fish
- Tennis, ping-pong, shuffleboard
- Music, square dancing, Summer Theatres
- Cabins with private showers

Diana & Abe Berman
WA 4-6046

HOUSEKEEPING rooms, apartments, adults. Vegetarian dairy meals served in our beautiful dining room at moderate costs. Phone: SV 6-9655. Write to P. O. Box 388, Viola Rd., Spring Valley, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S CAMP

STILL TRYING TO DECIDE WHETHER TO SEND YOUR CHILD TO CAMP? With us, you can feel perfectly safe. Outside flood area, lovely Pa. Dutch countryside, small inter-racial camp giving warm personal attention. Swimming, sports, arts, crafts, dancing, overnights to historic sites, a rich program. Excellent food. Child will have happy, carefree summer here. Co-ed 8 to 13. Rates reasonable. MEADOW SPRING FARM CHILDREN'S CAMP. Lenhartsville, Pa. Write or phone Richard Crosscup, Director. 2 W. 120 St., NYC 27. Le 4-4350, Mon. thru Thurs. evenings. Time is short.

Attention Please!

Train leaving on Track 31 for

Are they calling out the location of your resort?
Those vacationers are heading for rest and fun.
Do they know what good times they can have at your place?
Tell them about it through the resort advertising pages.

$7.42 per inch, per insertion

Generous discounts for multiple insertions.
Write or phone today for further information

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

***The* NATION**
333 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK 14, N. Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

RESORTS

West Point Farms

RELAX in quiet, lovely surroundings.
40 miles from N. Y.
Rooms with private bath.
Superb cuisine.
Golf next door.
New Swimming Pool.
Central Valley, New York
(Highland Mills 7895)

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE
Near enough for a weekend, fine enough for a season's stay. Luxury and comfort in a fireproof building. AIR-CONDITIONED and ELEVATOR-SERVICED . . . Unexcelled cuisine. Tops for sports. Nat Manners Orchestra; Benito & Gloria, dance team . . . Sophisticated entertainment.
FOREST HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N. Y. ● Tel. Mahopac 8-3449
In N.Y.C. Phone (local rate): FAIRBANKS 5-7227

Stonegate LODGE
ON LONG LAKE, N. Y.
Informal Adult Resort in the Adirondacks
Charming Estate—Limited to 90—Pollen Free
Delicious Food—Folk-Square Dances
Concert Trio—Arts & Crafts—Dance Band
Tennis — Golf — Fishing
Syd Skolsky, Folk Singer & Dance Leader
Long Lake Summer Stock Theatre
N. Y. Off. 250 W. 57th ● Circle 6-6386
Red. Rates to July 10 Louis A. Roth, Dir.

BUILT ON THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN
the **WOODLANDS**
PHOENICIA, N. Y. Extraordinarily scenic. Fine book and record collection for the lazybones: sparkling swimming pool and fast tennis courts for the spirited. Also, theatre workshop, folk and square dancing art and ceramic classes, fine food and accommodations. Exit 19 Thruway.
$50 up Tel: DO 3-8174 evenings

MUSIC and CHARM, we have BOTH
Arrowhead Lodge
in ELLENVILLE, N. Y.
Empire State Music Festival, 1½ miles away. Clay tennis courts, entertainment, folk, square and social dancing. Painting, arts and crafts. Golf, all sports. 2 hrs. from N. Y. C. (Thruway)
Call CH 2-2453 **Ellenville 502**

WINDY HILL
ON ORANGE LAKE
A pleasantly informal vacation in friendly atmosphere. Swimming, Boating, Fishing on Natural Lake. Badminton, Volley Ball, Ping-pong, other sports. Movies, records, books. Summer Theatre nearby. Food of excellent quality in generous quantities.
$50.00 Weekly; $7.50 Daily
Weekend: Fri. Supper thru Sun. Dinner $15
65 Miles from New York City
Jane C. Arenz, R. D. No. 1, Walden, N. Y.
Phone: Newburgh 1232

IN THE ADIRONDACKS
CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE
all deluxe accommodations at
LOW JUNE RATES
Opening June 14th. Folk and social dancing, informal fun, 9 championship clay tennis courts, handball, fishing, riding, all water sports on private 60 acre Crystal Lake. 1,500 woodland acres. Free weekends to tennis tournament winners.
CHESTERTOWN, 4, New York
Phone: Chestertown 3830 — N.Y.C. OL 3-1884

Printed in the U. S. A. by Southern Farmer, Inc., P. O. Box 509, Montgomery, Ala.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vote Your Presidential Choice NOW

Once the nominating conventions are over, your choice for President and Vice President is limited. In order to give *Nation* readers an opportunity to indicate their preference *now*, we are sponsoring this Pre-Convention Presidential Preference Poll.

The ballot below gives you opportunity to weigh the health factor in Eisenhower's candidacy and to register your reaction to the race for the Democratic nomination and the likely alternatives you will face in November. The ballot need not be signed. *Vote it today.*

Instructions

1. All ballots must be mailed not later than July 3 and should be addressed to: POLL EDITOR, THE NATION, 333 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 14, NEW YORK.
2. No reader should send in more than one ballot.
3. In view of the fact that most copies of *The Nation* are read by more than one reader, extra ballots have been printed, *one* of which will be sent to any individual who requests it in writing before June 28.

THE NATION'S PRE-CONVENTION PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCE BALLOT

(to be mailed not later than July 3, to Poll Editor, The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York).

Giving due weight to the health factor, do you believe Eisenhower should run again?

- ☐ **Yes**
- ☐ **No**

Who is your preference as Democratic nominee for President? VOTE FOR ONE.

- ☐ **Harriman**
- ☐ **Kefauver**
- ☐ **Stevenson**
- ☐ **Symington**
- _____ **(write in)**

If Eisenhower runs with Nixon as his running mate, and any of these four Democratic alternatives is given you, how do you think you will vote on Election Day? CHECK ONE BOX IN EACH PAIRING.

- ☐ **Eisenhower and Nixon**
  ☐ **Harriman**
- ☐ **Eisenhower and Nixon**
  ☐ **Kefauver**
- ☐ **Eisenhower and Nixon**
  ☐ **Stevenson**
- ☐ **Eisenhower and Nixon**
  ☐ **Symington**

If the GOP chooses a less controversial figure than Nixon as Eisenhower's running mate, and any of these four Democratic alternatives is given you, how do you think you will vote on Election Day? CHECK ONE BOX IN EACH PAIRING.

- ☐ **Eisenhower and X**
  ☐ **Harriman**
- ☐ **Eisenhower and X**
  ☐ **Kefauver**
- ☐ **Eisenhower and X**
  ☐ **Stevenson**
- ☐ **Eisenhower and X**
  ☐ **Symington**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED